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LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Lady, though thou art far away,
And though mine eyes have seen not thee,
I'll sing for thee a simple lay,
And my sweet theme shall be—oh what?
Believe me I my song shall be
Of thee, of fair mistress, of thee.

I've sat beneath the twilight sky
And mused upon thy gentle smile,
Till fancy from her home on high
Is coming on her wings of flame,
To bid thy lovely form arise
Like lily before my dreaming eyes.

Holidays, sweet girl, I see them now,
The blue eye glowing like a gem,
And thy fair hair upon thy brow,
Young autumn's golden diadem;
Ah, then scarcely dancing by my side,
The snowy haired and wintery bride.

My palsying lips call them and stride,
And we on earth may never meet,
Still, 'mid the darkest ills of life,
My thoughts will keep time unchange sweet,
Your fancy with her wishing art
Has deeply pictured on my heart.

And if perchance in future years
Thine eyes upon this trifle look,
Unfastened by grief, tinged with tears,
Oh give one thought of him who sits
For thee his lyre—with chords unstrung—
From off the willow wildly hung.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EDNA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD PRIORESS," "HE DESERVED WELL," &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PENITENT.

Oh, Father, hear what I have to say!
It eats and clouds me, and my brain
Seems girdled with a fiery chain.
Whose scorching links will never part,
Until they've burned my heart.
And while my victim I spend, but turn
Away that gentle eye the while;
The fire of pain more fiercely burn
Beneath its holy smile.
WARNER.

We must go back for a few hours, to relate the circumstance that led to the change in the governor's intentions, and to the consequent act of chicanery which had given Godfrey Dulanie again to life.

On the evening of the day preceding, good Father Marmaduke occupied the confessional of St. Andrew's, at Cromford. The shades of evening were abroad, but the church was not yet entirely lighted by the two vast lamps that burned before the great altar, and fell here and there upon the carved images of angel, saint or martyr that filled the niches near; the gold, pencil, hopeless of another penitent that night, was about to rise and leave the church, when the sound of a hasty and faltering footstep near caused him to pause and resume his seat.

And the soul moment the curtain was put aside, and a man entered, and dropped rather than kneeled at the feet of the confessor. At first he did not speak, but the sound of his laboring lungs and palpitating heart was audible through the stillness of the church. He pented like a hunted beast at bay, or a fugitive fallen exhausted from a flight for life. His face was blanched by a chilly whiteness, and sharpened till each feature gleamed out with piercing distinctness; his brows were knit, wrinkled together; the corners of his mouth drawn down, and his white lips apart and stiff as by extreme agony; great drops of sweat stood upon his corrugated brow; his hands were wrung together, and the finger joints were bone out. His horse; his whole form shuddered, cowered, grovelled at the feet of the priest.

"Have mercy on me, Father, for I have selfishly sinned," he gasped, in an almost unintelligible voice.

"God's mercy be upon thee, my son; all sin is awful," replied the priest, in an agitated voice; for, much as he had been accustomed to hearing the secret crimes and sorrows of others, the manner of this man deeply alarmed and troubled him.

"Pity me, Father, for my life is past pardon," prayed the penitent, wringing his pale hands.

"I pity thee from my soul, my son; but there is no sin beyond the grace of God!"

"Except my sin! Oh, Father, except my sin!"

"My son, despair is one of the greatest sins God is merciful; unburden your bosom to his minister; repent, and be absolved."

"Oh, God! my God!" groaned the man, in the last degree of anguish.

"Nay, my son, the more grievous it may be to thee to confess thy sin, the more merit shalt thou have in doing this duty. Unloose thyself to thy spiritual Father," said the priest, encouragingly.

"I came here for that purpose, and yet I cannot! Oh, God, I cannot! Father, your blood would curdle as the tale! My sin is one of the deepest dye!"

"Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow!" Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!" said the priest gently.

"And mine," broke forth the wretched man, in an agony of remorse, "mine are red like crimson, for my hand is crimsoned—is crimsoned with the crime for which another must suffer in the morning!"

"Oh, my son! my unhappy son! what is that which you tell me?" exclaimed the priest, in horror.

THE VICTIM ENTRAPPED.

"I tell you that which God and Satan and I and you now know to be true! My hand, and my hand only, is red with the blood of him for whose murder Godfrey Dulanie must innocently suffer to-morrow!"

"My son! my son, you are mad!"

"Would to Heaven I were!"

There fell a sudden silence of awe between them, which was broken at last by the troubled voice of the priest.

"My son, can it be that you are mad, and that you speak the truth?"

"I speak the truth! God knoweth whether I am mad, or if so, how long I may continue sane. Have you heard?"

"Oh, my son! my son! what tempted thee to this crime?"

"Avarice tempted me! Avarice cursed me! The old man was aged and infirm! His life and his hoarded gold were alike useless to all! I slew him for his gold! Remorse soon seized upon my brain, and I soothed the gnawing pain by resolving to myself that the victim was old and wicked, and his taking off hurt no one—was merciful! But now a young man, full of life, vigor and hope, blessed with love and wealth, and well-united fame, is dishonored, and about to die for my deed! Thus crime grows out of crime, and the weight of sin is pressing my soul down to perdition! Oh, Father! for the love of Christ, tell me what shall I do?"

The priest did not immediately answer, but bowed his head, and reflected for a few moments, then looking up he inquired solemnly—

"Do you demand my counsel in full sincerity of purpose to follow it?"

"I do."

"My son, that which I counsel you to do is the only one right thing to do. It is painful, grievous, intolerable, I know, but it is the sole course left to you. My son, you should go instantly to the town, confess your sin, clear the innocent, and give yourself up to the authorities. It is a terrible trial, I know, but it is the only restitution you can make, and God will give you strength to make it."

Nothing but deep groans from the wretched man answered this. The priest prayed in silence for his penitent.

"Father!" at length cried the man, "I repent in sorrow and bitterness of spirit! Father, will you not absolve me of my sin?"

"Son, I can absolve thee only on the conditions I have named."

"And they, Father, are——"

"That you shall go and deliver yourself up, and save the innocent from unmerited punishment."

"But, my God! in that case I should have to die! And I cannot die, Father! I am not fit to die! I am not old, like Hugh Hawe was, nor prepared for death, as Godfrey Dulanie is! Father! I dare not die! I cannot give myself up!" exclaimed the unhappy man.

"Then the church cannot give you absolution!" solemnly replied the priest.

"But I repent! I repent! I answer!" wailed the wretch, wringing his hands, and grovelling upon the floor at the feet of his confessor.

"There can be no true repentance, my son, where there exists the power without the will of making restitution."

"But I have the will! I have the will! I warn the will!" vehemently exclaimed the penitent; "I have the will, but not the power! I would gladly save Dulanie; but I cannot do so without sacrificing myself, and I am not prepared to die, my Father!"

"Then, miserable man, if you do not intend to make restitution, so far as in you lies, will you tell me why you present yourself before me to-night?"

"Why?" cried the sufferer; "why does the overburdened breast seek relief?—why do the drowning catch at straws?—why, in the deepest despair, do we still hope? I came to confide to you, under the sacred seal of confession, the secret of my soul! I came in the fond, mad hope—the hope born of despair—the hope that you, in your superior wisdom and goodness, might devise a plan by which I could save him without sacrificing myself. I came in the hope that the bitter, bitter remorse that I suffer—the remorse that chases sleep from my bed, and appetite from my board—might win you to absolve me of my grievous sin! Oh, Father! I repent! I repent! I cannot! I cannot! I cannot be one of my heavy sin!"

"Alas! my son, the church has no absolution for those who refuse to make restitution. Let me persuade you to do that great act of justice and expiation, and I will pray for you!"

"Oh, I cannot, Father! I cannot! I dare not meet the consequences!"

"Then I dare not give thee absolution! Reflect, my son, that if, before to-morrow, you have not denounced yourself to the authorities, Godfrey Dulanie will be perished on the scaffold for your crime, and you will have taken upon your own soul the burden of an irreparable sin."

"Father, you cannot give me absolution except I give myself up?"

"No!"

"And this is your ultimatum, Father?"

"This is my ultimatum."

"God help me, then!" cried the penitent, starting to his feet, and rushing from the confessional.

In a moment he was back again, asking hurriedly—

"Father, you recognized me?"

"I recognized you, my son!" replied the priest.

"And you know who I am?"

"I well know who you are."

"Father, I withdraw the man, in alarm, "you have refused me absolution, unless I make a public acknowledgment of my crime, and give myself up to die in the stead of the innocent condemned man; you have said that you cannot keep still but that, and denounce me to the authorities!"

"Your story, my son, was confided to me under the seal of confession—so sacred and that may never be broken!"

"And my secret is safe with you?"

"As safe as with the dead!"

"Even though Godfrey Dulanie should irrecoverably perish to-morrow, for the lack of the secret being divulged?"

"Even so! Even to save an innocent man from dying the death of the guilty, I may not break a solemn oath! But, my son, I entreat you, as you value your soul's immortal weal, yourself to give that secret to the world!"

"It is enough, Father! I go!"

"To divulge thy crime and clear the innocent, I hope, my son?"

"No, alas! to wrestle with remorse, despair, anguish!" cried the miserable man, starting up and hurrying from the scene.

The priest remained almost transfixed with horror and amazement, at the tale that he had heard. His own position in the affair was one of the most painful character. For the only thing proving that Godfrey Dulanie was perfectly innocent of the crime for which he was to die on the morrow; knowing the guilty party in whose stead he was to perish; but having that knowledge only under the sacred seal of confession, and being bound by his official oath, under heaviest penalties, never, under any circumstance or in any extremity, to divulge any secret so confided. In truth, this was a most distressing position to the good priest.

Instead of leaving the church, as he had intended to do, he remained sitting in the confessional, alternately praying and meditating as to what he could possibly do to save the innocent without breaking the seal of the confessional. At last he thought of a plan, dangerous but promising. What was intended needed to be quickly done, for it was now eight o'clock in the evening, and unless the execution were stayed before the noon of the next day, the guiltless must die for the guilty!

Rising and clapping his little square hat on his head, the good priest hurried, as fast as his heavy weight would permit, from the church.

That night Governor Sterne was seated at the supper table, at Piedmont, in company with Colonel Shannon and the ladies of the family. To say that the "forthcoming event" did not cast its shadow before" and over them would not be true. Yet each and all endeavored to rally their spirits upon the approaching tragedy, and keep up the thread of an animated conversation. In the midst of this scene the door opened, and a servant entered, bearing a card, which, with a bow, he presented to Governor Sterne. The gentleman bore the name of

"Pierre Marmaduke," and the words—

"Entreats an immediate interview with his excellency, on a matter of life and death."

Madam and young ladies, will you have the goodness to excuse me?" scarcely inquired Governor Sterne, as he arose.

"Assuredly, sir," was the affable reply.

And with a bow the governor left the table and the dining-room, and passed into the parlor, where Father Marmaduke awaited him.

The stout priest arose and bowed, but the governor clasped his hand in a cordial shake, motioned him to resume his seat, took a chair beside him, and inquired in what manner he could be happy so as to serve Father Marmaduke.

"I am sorry, your excellency, upon a matter of life and death," said the priest, solemnly.

"Then you note informed me. May I inquire what that matter of life and death may be?"

"Sir, it concerns Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, now under sentence of death in the county jail, and ordered for execution to-morrow."

The governor suddenly grew very grave, and remained silent, with his chin dropped upon his chest, his right hand buried in his bosom, and his legs crossed, in an attitude of deep thought.

"Sir," continued the priest, "I come in the strong hope of obtaining from your excellency a reprieve for that unhappy young man."

"Mr. Marmaduke, I regret very much that it does not lie within my prerogatives to grant your request. The sentencing, executing and respiting power entrusted to the executive, is only to be exercised under certain conditions, which certainly do not obtain in the present case. I have before explained this to the friends of Mr. Dulanie, who have come to me in his behalf," said the governor, with some courtesy.

"But, sir," said the priest, "are not one of the conditions of pardon an ascertained error in the verdict of the jury, as, for instance, when the verdict of 'guilty' has been pronounced upon a man afterwards discovered to be innocent?"

"Assuredly; that is one of the most urgent reasons for the interference of the executive."

"Then, sir, that reason exists in the case of Mr. Dulanie!"

The governor shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows with incredulity.

"Mr. Dulanie, sir, is really innocent of the crime for which he has been condemned."

"Assuredly," sneered the governor, "he is innocent in the verdict of his friends, but, unfortunately, by that of the jury he is guilty."

"Sir, Godfrey Dulanie is not guilty!" said the priest, with deep solemnity.

"Of course not, by his own account. Now it is a remarkable and lamentable fact, that among all the criminals that are sanguinely condemned and hanged, there is never to be found a guilty man! They are all a set of the most deeply injured innocents to be found on earth."

"Sir, sir, this sarcasm sits not well upon the lips of your excellency!" said the priest, in bitter sorrow.

"Reverend sir, I am aware that it does not; and therefore I will answer you with due gravity—that I am sorry not to be able to receive either Mr. Dulanie's word, or your opinion, in proof of his innocence."

"Sir, I offer you no mere opinions! I do not only believe, but know Godfrey Dulanie to be guiltless of the murder of Hugh Hawe!" said the priest, with a profound earnestness of manner, look and tone that carried strong conviction with it.

The governor stared.

"You know it?" he asked.

"I know it," responded the priest, with deep solemnity.

The governor half arose from his chair and gazed with astonishment upon the speaker.

"How do you know this, may I inquire?" he also asked.

"Are you making the real murderer is?"

"What! Take care, Mr. Marmaduke! Be cautious, I pray you, how you implicate another in the crime that has been abundantly proved upon Godfrey Dulanie. What evidence, I ask you, sir, can you offer to support your statement?"

"I have the best possible evidence, the testimony of the conscience-stricken man who really did the murder!"

"How do you know this, may I inquire?" he also asked.

"Are you making the real murderer is?"

"What! Take care, Mr. Marmaduke! Be cautious, I pray you, how you implicate another in the crime that has been abundantly proved upon Godfrey Dulanie. What evidence, I ask you, sir, can you offer to support your statement?"

"I have the best possible evidence, the testimony of the conscience-stricken man who really did the murder!"

"Sir! do I remember what you are saying!" exclaimed the governor, beginning to be strongly excited.

"I do remember, your excellency! 'I am not mad, most noble Festus! but speak the words of truth and soberness.' I know what I am saying, Governor Sterne!"

"And you say that Godfrey Dulanie is guiltless of the crime for which he is about to-morrow to suffer, and that you know the real murderer upon the evidence of his own confession?"

"I do most distinctly."

"Then, sir, in heaven's name, was it the murderer?"

"Governor Sterne, I am not at liberty to tell you!"

"But, sir! Not at liberty to divulge the name of a criminal?"

"No, your excellency!"

"And why, I beseech you?"

"Because, sir, the secret was confided to me by the conscience-stricken criminal, under the sacred seal of confession—a seal that my priestly oath forbids me under any circumstances, in any emergency, to violate!" said the father, solemnly.

"What! not even to being a guilty man to justice, nor yet to save the innocent from unmerited punishment?"

"Not even for that, your excellency; not even to save my own life from death could I break my clerical oath and violate the sacred seal of confession."

"But, allow me to instruct you, sir, that the law recognizes no such oath; you are legally bound to deliver up the murderer, since he is known to you!"

The good priest bowed, but made no reply.

"Sir, sir, is the criminal a native of this country?" asked the governor.

"I must not answer your excellency's question," replied the priest.

"Was he a negro or a white man?"

"Pardon me, sir; for I cannot!" replied you."

"What, then, was the motive of his crime?"

"Your excellency will please to remember that I am not at liberty to answer any question that may point to the identity of the criminal, as that would involve a violation of the seals of confession."

"As I to understand, sir, that while admitting that you know the real murderer of Hugh Hawe, you refuse to divulge his identity?"

"I do, sir!"

"Then it becomes my duty to arrest you, revered sir!" said the governor, rising and touching the bell.

A servant entered to answer the summons.

"Go and request your master to come hither!" said the governor.

The man bowed and withdrew for a few minutes, at the end of which he returned and ushered into the room Colonel Shannon.

The old soldier bowed to and shook hands with the priest, and, at a sign from the governor a look of inquiry, as who should say—

"Well, what is it that I am to do for you?"

Answering that look, Governor Sterne turned, and gravely addressed the priest—

"I am one of the Justices of the Peace for this county, I believe, sir?"

"You are, sir!" replied the colonel, much wondering at the question.

"Then, sir," resumed Pierre Marmaduke, parish priest of St. Andrew's, as an accessary after the fact to the murder of Hugh Hawe, and also as being guilty of a compounding of felony, in willfully concealing the name of a principal in the crime. I charge you, Mr. Magistrate, that he be arrested and examined upon this charge," said Governor Sterne, resuming his seat, while the astounded Colonel Shannon strove to collect bisscattered faculties. As soon as he found the use of his tongue he began to express his astonishment, and to ask questions in a very informal manner.

"If, sir, yourself refuse me as a witness, I prefer to make my statement on oath," said the governor.

Colonel Shannon bowed, took his seat at the table, formed his little impromptu court, administered the oath, and took the statement of Governor Sterne. Then he examined Father Marmaduke, who frankly told him all that had been related to the governor; but refused to give any more particular information. Whereupon an officer was summoned, a warrant made out, and Father Marmaduke committed to the County Jail.

As he was having the house he turned and said—

"Your excellency will at least grant a respite to the prisoner under sentence of death?"

"I cannot answer or satisfy you upon that

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point," replied the governor, with a sardonic smile, as he paid back to the priest his own words.

Father Marmaduy listened and followed the other who led him in charge.

But Governor Skenne, with all his faults of character, was not the man to hang another whom he had any reason to believe guiltless.

He immediately sat down to the magistrate's table, rapidly wrote out a document, and, rising said—

"It is now ten o'clock." Where can I get a messenger who can cross the mountains and ride to N——, to be in time to save that man?"

"Mr. Heine has just arrived on his fast horse Hastens. He would kill the horse, I know, to save the fellow!" replied the colonel.

And accordingly Dr. Heine was summoned, and gladly undertook the delivery of the respite, which he accordingly and punctually accomplished to general admiration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MOON AT THE CHASM.

And now all these long years of silence,
The sky gets darker than ever before;
Dark, mysterious, solemn as some eastern pile,
Where the long watches—hour by hour—creep a-mute.
Somehow, an element respect there has a new
Yet the cold misery hardened into awe.—Byron.

Leaving stout Father Marmaduy in the clutches of the law, and leaving the unfortunate Godfrey Dalzale and his faithful dog in the impossible to which he had been remanded, it is now necessary to the elucidation of our story that we should visit another habitation, which, though more powerful in its superficial aspect, was scarcely less gloomy in its interior spirit.

Farquier was a beautiful building of white freestone, with plazas running all round the whole front, from basement to roof. Behind it arose a back ground of wooded mountains. Before it fell the valley, rolling in undulating hills down to the banks of the bright Rapahannock. Externally the whole scene was radiant with life and beauty.

Pass the threshold of the house and all was changed.

Within a loneliness chamber of that sumptuous dwelling, alone Henry, the master of the mansion, lay slowly expiring. Thus the bad him many days, and thus the night lay many days longer, in a state that was neither life nor death.

From the night of the murder of old Hugh Hawes and his sweet child Ellen, a dreadful fold of gloom and eccentricity characterized her unlady, that her friends did not suppose to ascribe her strange words to partial insanity.

Though still living beneath the same roof with her husband, she virtually separated herself from him. Though, as long as she was able to do so, she had scrupulously fulfilled all the duties of the mistress of the household, yet she had avoided his society and conversation.

From the time of the arrest of Godfrey Dalzale for the murder of Hugh Hawe, her malady had greatly increased. She had wasted away in body and intense and fearful interest. When, at length, she had heard of his conviction and sentence, she had sunk back fainting upon the bed, from which she was destined never more to rise.

And from this time her husband dared not even cross the threshold of her chamber, for at the sight of his face she forwarded to the most violent convulsions, that threatened speedily to terminate her life. He seemed the only person whom she, in Dr. Heany had always enjoyed the reputation of being a constant and devoted husband, and Wm. Heany had also the character of a fond and faithful wife. And no one could solve the mystery of this new and strange antagonism, or ascribe it to existence to any other cause than partial insanity on the part of Alma.

Her husband was constrained to forsake her apartment, where nothing met his sorrow-pitied his appearance. Her friends felt compelled to abandon a house so full of gloom and terror, where all civil attendance seemed to congregate.

Only Agnes Darke, the gentle young nurse, remained faithful to the suffering mistress.

Since Dr. Heany had been obliged to absent himself from her sight, his patient's malady seemed had been filled by Ernest Heine, whose wise and gentle administration conquered to those of Agnes Darke, would have rendered her services still more happily paid, could any human power have saved her.

But if the young physician, with his trained skill and attention, did not succeed in doing more than alleviating the sufferings of his patient, he did not observe and admire the disinterested devotion of the sweet young girl who, regardless of fatigue, day and night devoted herself to the most self-abnegations, to the soothing of the sufferer. Day by day the image of her mind and heart grew on the fervorless of her face and form, more and more deeply impressed his imagination and his heart. But to feel that the house of mourning was for every reason an improper place for his wooing, and then it was that he love which had so long lain hidden in his heart remained unspoken, though not unrevealed; for he caused a certain and indelible expression in the softer glances of his eyes, and the deeper tone of his voice, and the gentler deference in his manner, in addressing her.

And Agnes knew that she was beloved, and felt that she loved; and yet, in the midst of the gentle her own eyes, and tones, and manner, that no sign of this reciprocity of feeling should appear. And whether her conduct was governed by sudden impression or well-reflected, is not known; but it is certain that Dr. Heine was left in doubt as to the feelings of his lady-love.

Ernest Heine had known Agnes Darke long enough, and studied her character and disposition closely enough to feel sure that she was not at the least sould doubt, or his reason approve, in a wife, and he felt that he esteemed and loved her beyond all living women; yet he could not make up his mind to some more appropriate time and place, for confided himself to her with that entire attention at a gentleman might anywhere pay a lady.

But our strong resolutions often give way to impulse, or yield to circumstance.

One morning, the young physician, standing by the bedside of his patient, heard her murmur to herself—

"What will become of Agnes when I am gone?"

"Ay, what indeed?" thought the doctor—for after the death of her patroness the world will not permit her to remain under the roof of a young widower, without any lady at the head of his house." Alas, alas, what becomes of the orphan girl! Who will receive her? Whither can she go? At this period, the young man, my heart changes my whole duty. I must have an explanation with her at once, so that when she withdraws from this roof, she will go forth, as my wife, in a house of her own."

With these generous thoughts and purposes occupying his mind and heart, he left the chamber of his patient, and went down into the lower hall.

Providence seemed to favor his wishes. Contrary to her usual practice, Agnes Darke had left the sick-room, and was now standing at the parlor door, seemingly awaiting the doctor, for as he approached she beckoned him into the parlor, and began to satisfy her as to the present condition and future prospects of his patient.

Ernest Heine replied with words and straightforward candor, giving but little hope of her restoration to health. She received the intelligence with calm resignation, and was about to withdraw from the room, when the lover respectfully interrupted her by saying—

"Miss Darke, will you allow me the favor of a very few moments' conversation with you?"

Agnes gravely bowed assent, and seated herself in the chair that he placed for her, and he continued—

Ernest Heine then placed himself inside and a little behind her, so that he need not embarrass her by too direct a front view; and, resting his hand on the back of her chair, he stooped, and after a little embarrassment and hesitation, began—

"Agnes, you and I have known each other for nearly three years. What I think of you need not be spoken, as it is about to be proved. And I hope that you, Agnes, regard me as an honest and believing man, who is both willing and able to take care of the woman who may bless him with her hand."

The Doctor paused.

Agnes neither looked up nor spoke, but remained all with her chin dropped upon her breast, and her hands crossed upon her lap.

"The meaning of all this is, Agnes, that I love you. Will you be my wife?" whispered Ernest, stooping closer to her ear.

Still Agnes neither spoke nor moved, except to close her eyes to catch the tears which else would have rolled down her cheeks; but which were now, only glistening drops of dew, on the long fringes of her eyelashes.

"Dear Agnes, you do not answer me. Well, Love, I will not distress you. Only let me take your hand, and I will understand that you have blessed with your acceptance of my love." And reclining the action to the word, he clasped her fingers with would have raised and kissed them, but Agnes gently withdrew her hand, and in a voice so low that he had to stoop quite low to hear her, answered—

"Dr. Heine, I thank you sincerely for the honor you have done me; but I beg you will not ever draw your proposal, and forget that it ever was made."

Deeply distressed by this rejection, yet impressed by the exquisite delicacy with which it was worded, Dr. Heine remained for a few moments silently regarding her. Then in faltering tones he asked—

"Agnes, will you permit me to inquire why you have given me this answer?"

"Yes. Why," they say, 'is akin to love.' You have seen me in the most unfavorable light—in mental condition, and you call that love which is truly loving," was the quiet reply.

"Agnes! listen to me. The Lord knoweth that my love never sprang from so disparaging a motive as pity." It was born of admiration, Agnes. Dear Agnes, is this the only reason why you reject me?"

"No, I have others. You do not know whom you honor with your love, Dr. Heine, she has sunk back fainting upon the bed, from which she was destined never more to rise.

And from this time her husband dare not even cross the threshold of her chamber, for at the sight of his face she forwarded to the most violent convulsions, that threatened speedily to terminate her life. He seemed the only person whom she, in her delirium, had always enjoyed the reputation of being a constant and devoted husband, and Wm. Heany had also the character of a fond and faithful wife. And no one could solve the mystery of this new and strange antagonism, or ascribe its existence to any other cause than partial insanity on the part of Alma.

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Only Agnes Darke, the gentle young nurse, remained faithful to the suffering mistress.

Since Dr. Heany had been obliged to absent himself from her sight, his patient's malady seemed had been filled by Ernest Heine, whose wise and gentle administration conquered to those of Agnes Darke, would have rendered her services still more happily paid, could any human power have saved her.

But if the young physician, with his trained skill and attention, did not succeed in doing more than alleviating the sufferings of his patient, he did not observe and admire the disinterested devotion of the sweet young girl who, regardless of fatigue, day and night devoted herself to the most self-abnegations, to the soothing of the sufferer. Day by day the image of her mind and heart grew on the fervorless of her face and form, more and more deeply impressed his imagination and his heart. But to feel that the house of mourning was for every reason an improper place for his wooing, and then it was that the love which had so long lain hidden in his heart remained unspoken, though not unrevealed; for he caused a certain and indelible expression in the softer glances of his eyes, and the deeper tone of his voice, and the gentler deference in his manner, in addressing her.

And Agnes knew that she was beloved, and felt that she loved; and yet, in the midst of the gentle her own eyes, and tones, and manner, that no sign of this reciprocity of feeling should appear. And whether her conduct was governed by sudden impression or well-reflected, is not known; but it is certain that Dr. Heine was left in doubt as to the feelings of his lady-love.

Ernest Heine had known Agnes Darke long enough, and studied her character and disposition closely enough to feel sure that she was not at the least sould doubt, or his reason approve, in a wife, and he felt that he esteemed and loved her beyond all living women; yet he could not make up his mind to some more appropriate time and place, for confided himself to her with that entire attention at a gentleman might anywhere pay a lady.

But our strong resolutions often give way to impulse, or yield to circumstance.

One morning, the young physician, standing by the bedside of his patient, heard her murmur to herself—

"What will become of Agnes when I am gone?"

"Ay, what indeed?" thought the doctor—for after the death of her patroness the world will not permit her to remain under the roof of a young widower, without any lady at the head of his house." Alas, alas, what becomes of the orphan girl! Who will receive her? Whither can she go? At this period, my heart changes my whole duty. I must have an explanation with her at once, so that when she withdraws from this roof, she will go forth, as my wife, to a house of her own."

With these generous thoughts and purposes occupying his mind and heart, he left the chamber of his patient, and went down into the lower hall.

Providence seemed to favor his wishes. Contrary to her usual practice, Agnes Darke had left the sick-room, and was now standing at the parlor door, seemingly awaiting the doctor, for as he approached she beckoned him into the parlor, and began to satisfy her as to the present condition and future prospects of his patient.

Ernest Heine replied with words and straightforward candor, giving but little hope of her restoration to health. She received the intelligence with calm resignation, and was about to withdraw from the room, when the lover respectfully interrupted her by saying—

"Miss Darke, will you allow me the favor of a very few moments' conversation with you?"

Agnes gravely bowed assent, and seated herself in the chair that he placed for her, and he continued—

Ernest Heine then placed himself inside and a little behind her, so that he need not embarrass her by too direct a front view; and, resting his hand on the back of her chair, he stooped, and after a little embarrassment and hesitation, began—

"Agnes, you and I have known each other for nearly three years. What I think of you need not be spoken, as it is about to be proved. And I hope that you, Agnes, regard me as an honest and believing man, who is both willing and able to take care of the woman who may bless him with her hand."

The Doctor paused.

Agnes neither looked up nor spoke, but remained all with her chin dropped upon her breast, and her hands crossed upon her lap.

"The meaning of all this is, Agnes, that I love you. Will you be my wife?" whispered Ernest, stooping closer to her ear.

Still Agnes neither spoke nor moved, except to close her eyes to catch the tears which else would have rolled down her cheeks; but which were now, only glistening drops of dew, on the long fringes of her eyelashes.

"Dear Agnes, you do not answer me. Well, Love, I will not distress you. Only let me take your hand, and I will understand that you have blessed with your acceptance of my love." And reclining the action to the word, he clasped her fingers with would have raised and kissed them, but Agnes gently withdrew her hand, and in a voice so low that he had to stoop quite low to hear her, answered—

"Dr. Heine, I thank you sincerely for the honor you have done me; but I beg you will not ever draw your proposal, and forget that it ever was made."

Deeply distressed by this rejection, yet impressed by the exquisite delicacy with which it was worded, Dr. Heine remained for a few moments silently regarding her. Then in faltering tones he asked—

"Agnes, will you permit me to inquire why you have given me this answer?"

"Yes. 'Pity,' they say, 'is akin to love.' You have seen me in the most unfavorable light—in mental condition, and you call that love which is truly loving," was the quiet reply.

"Agnes! listen to me. The Lord knoweth that my love never sprang from so disparaging a motive as pity!

EYE TO EYNET.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I was standing where in spring-time
Tender young moss-roses hide,
Thinking of the sights I see them,
When they wing a stronger flight,
Where the pines make music ever.

All the summer I've been dreaming
Of the years of long ago;
And approaching angels ask me
Wherefore did I sigh so low,
In the peace of long ago?

Pale and sad the young moon seem weeks
As she rose at last at 7;
And the winds that haunt the midnight
Seem to ask me with a sigh,
If there's aught at home or 1?

With their calm, eternal reading,
All the cold stars look so near;
And a speechless fire is burning
Ashes unknown as my heart.
Yet the cold stars back me now.

Ernest, Ernest—when I read that,
Oh, how coolest then beats my heart!
Now with cold, and chosen temper
Coldest then tell me we must part,
Knowing then alone how my heart!

How coolest then, a kindred mortal,
Look for with thy bright eyes?
Will the many accents cold
Of thy cautious, kindly voice
Blending with thy bridal bells?

Ah, I do reproach as madness—
Then hast been a stranger-guest;
Mourning roses from sweet cohorts
Thy kind fortunes ever be!
While thou livest, sorrowing rest.

Oh, the cruel thou dost grieve me,
On my heart since—then has slept—
It has worn its very wild bedside
While I've moved and prayed and wept,
Through the hours on which it slept.

Ernest—when the cold fair's hungry
Crowd above thy dark star eyes,
As do not turn heart-broken
From the sunlight and the skies
Thinking of thy faithful eyes.

Ah, my sorrowing does not move thee,
Idol of my early trust—
All thy love fed to—another,
All thy beauty's in the dust—
Wasted was my early love.

THE MISER'S HEIR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I tell you, no, Agnes! I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money, and I'll be sure to know him. I know all these dandified Jemmicks. They bring around a few bags of dollars, as soon as do around carrion. I won't have any such thing. Now you know."

Father, you judge Walter too harshly. He is a good man—honest and industrious, and——"

"Industrious, my eye! He is a fool. He has plenty to learn and he'll get to show for his industry, too."

"He has a superior education, father."

"Education! Fiddlesticks! Can he live on his education? Can he make dollars of it?"

"Yes. He can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as clerk."

"And will earn just about enough to keep him in the clothes he wears. I know these fellows. But there's an end to't. If you choose him rather than your poor old father, you can do so. I can live alone—that's five times—you can—"

"Stop—stop, father. You have no right to talk so. You know I could not leave you. And Agnes Bertram threw her arms about the old man's neck, and kissed him, and then she left the room.

"Is curious how these young fools act," the miser muttered to himself after he had watched his child depart. "There's been twenty of the sharks after that girl—twenty of 'em hovering around her, like mice around a piece of cheese. Don't I know what they want? Can't I see? Ah—can't I, though? It's my secret! But Agnes has never loved one of 'em till this Adams came along. The beggar—I—I will not have my child get married right away. Nonsense!"

The old man bowed his head as he spoke, and he was a prey upon the back of his hand. It was a bright drop, and the rays of the setting sun were playing in it.

"She cried when she kissed me," he whispered, wiping the tear from his hand with a rag. "I did what makes her so tender-hearted. She never took it from me. But she may have taken it from——"

She old stopped, and a violent shudder ran over his wrinkled brow, for there was a pang in his breast. He remembered the pain of encouraging a feeling who had once been his companion—the mother of his child. His remembrance of her became his with, even when the bloom of manhood had passed from him; love she loved him, and nursed him, and cared for him, and how she taught her child to love and care for him, too. And remembered how she had died—died, oh, God, even while suffering, and how she had died, with a smile and a blessing upon her lips, though the gold of her husband brought her no comforts.

Noah Bowers had been found in the street, and in his hurt he wished that he could forget all but the few fleeting joys of his wife. But he could not forget. He could not forget it when he had been whispered how his wife might have lived longer, if she had had proper clothing and proper medical attention.

"But it would have cost so much! I saved money!"

Ah—the reflection would not remove the pang. The other memory was uppermost.

Noah Bowman had passed the allotted age of man, being over three-score years and ten. All his life had been devoted to accumulating money. He had denied himself every comfort, and his heart had been almost as hard as the gold he hoarded. But as his hair grew more white and sparse, and the lines came more deeply upon him, he thought more—reflected more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was dear to his mission now; and the pure love of his gentle child was a continual remembrance to him that he was not wholly her hearts than his own.

At length the miser arose, and passed out from the room. He could have left the but; but as he reached the little entry way, he heard a voice from the garret. It was his child's. He crept up the rickety stairs, and looked through a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her hands were clasped towards Heaven. And she prayed—

"Oh, God! be good to my father, and make his heart warm and grateful! Make me to love him with all tenderness, and enable me to do well and truly the duty I pledged to my mother! mother! I promised her I would love and care for him always. Father in Heaven, help me! Oh! help me!"

The old man crept down the stairs and out of doors, and for a whole hour he walked alone among the trees. He thought again of his wife—again of his child—and then—of his gold! And this was not the first time he had walked alone there. He did not himself know how great was the influence his child was exerting over him.

Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes—crept long and bitterly in her little garret, and when she had become calm, and her cheeks were dry, she came down and got supper. But she was not the smiling, happy being that had flitted about the sweaty board heretofore.

A few days after this, as Noah Bowman approached his out one morning, he heard voices from within. He paused through a rent in the coarse paper curtain, and saw Walter Adams with his child. He heard what was upon Walter's shoulder, and his arm was about her.

Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes' schoolmate, and her fervent lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honorable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was so good, and so gentle, and so beautiful. And she loved him, not only because he had captured her heart in the time agone, but because he was, of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.

"I cannot leave my poor child alone, father," the old man heard his daughter say. "I must live to love and care for her. On all the earth I am the only one left to love him. It is hard! My heart may break! But the pledge of love I gave to my dying mother must be kept."

"And so the good joy-dream of my youth must be changed to the sad reality!" exclaimed Walter, sorrowingly. "I cannot ask you to leave your father, sweet Agnes, for the very truth in your pure, I worship would be made a lie could you do so. But I have a prayer—a earnest, earnest, earnest prayer that God, in his mercy, may remove the cares from your father's bended form?"

"His cares, Walter?"

"Aye—you ones cross?" rejoined the youth, fervently. "Is not his heart wrapped in his gold?"

"What? Pomilion?" repeated Agnes, with a start.

"Aye—penalties! for then he would be far more wealthy than he is now. Then he would know how to appreciate the priceless blessing of his sweet Agnes' love, and they the cruel might be broken, and his heart grow human again. And more than all," Walter continued, wiping the tears closely about the fair form of his companion, and speaking more slowly, "then I could prove to him my love. Then I could take you to my home—and I could take your father to my home—and we could look love him and care for him when he lived?"

Noah Bowman stepped to hear no more, and as he walked away, he muttered to himself—

"The world is coming to an end! Mr. penalties!—And he praying for it!—The young villain!"

Then the old man gained his accustomed walk among the great sycamores, he wiped something from his eye. He acted as though it was a tear drop blown in there.

Two weeks passed on, and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont. Still she nursed her father and her child, and bore up bravely.

Oh, God! help me to love my father!" she prayed one night. "Let not my grief smite 'to' my heart!"

And the old man heard it.

One night Noah came home from the city, and in his hand he brought a small trunk. He barred the door, and drew the battered curtains close.

"Now!" he said, as he opened the trunk, and piled the new bank-notes upon the table. "Look there, Agnes, and see how I've been toiling for my life-time. I had no education, but I've laid up money—money—money! All this shall be yours, and tell me all their brains to-night for this! See—one thousand—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight. There's a thousand good dollars in each package!"

Agnes counted them over, for she thought her father wished it, and she made fifty packages.

"Why have you brought it here, father?" she asked.

"To let it by, my child—to let it at a royal interest, Agnes. I shall double it, darling—double e—nough!"

And while the old man's eyes sparkled with evil-desist satisfaction, his child were a sad, sorrowing look. And long after the miser had gone to bed, the working fruitions of her father, and prayed that the God-Fired would aid him from ill.

When Agnes retired she left her father up; but ere long she heard him put his little trunk away, and then go to his bed. Then she slept.

Hark! What sound is this? Agnes starts up in affright, and listens. It is her father's door. He is gleaming out into the night, and thick volumes of smoke greet her nostrils.

"Fire! Fire!" sounded a voice from the entry, and she knew the deep accents of Walter Adams. "Agnes! My child!" And in another moment she meets her father upon the stairs. He is bearing his trunk.

"Take all your clothing, Agnes, and you can get it on in the street. Quick, child! Fly for your life!"

In a few minutes more the father and child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of clothing in her hand, while the former had his trunk under his arm. They gazed upon the burning building, but neither of them spoke.

And others came running to the scene, but no one drew his arm to the flames. And long before it have been undone had it been made, for the old shell burned like tinder. But more still—no one would have made the effort, even had it been made evident, for the miserable old man had too long coveted and clung to the dollars—the gold.

There were no other buildings to be endangered, and by the time the engines came—

"You have your money safe," said Agnes.

"Yes. So I took the trunk. I left the candle burning so that I could watch it. But I went to sleep, and the candle must have fallen over. But I got that trunk! And so he opened his arm to her and gazed upon it by the light of the flaring flames.

"*That is not the trunk!*" whispered Agnes, in affright.

"Not——" But the old man spoke no further. He saw that he had taken the wrong trunk! This was only that of Walter continued, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow.

"*Burned! Lost!*" groaned Noah Bowman, as he turned from the scattered embers. "I had fifty thousand dollars in that trunk! And where are they now?"

"Never mind," said Agnes, winding her arm about her father's neck, "we'll be happy without it."

"What?" uttered Noah Bowman, gazing into Walter Adams's face. "Do you mean that you will give me a home, too? That you will provide for me, and keep me?"

"Yes," returned the youth, hopefully. "I could never be happy with Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her poor old father had no home. Come—we'll live together, and be as happy as the days are long."

"Bless your salary, young man?"

"Yes, sir. For the last year I have five hundred dollars a year. We can live well on that, and by an economical——"

"Well, well—take her—love her—be good to her—make her happy—don't never——"

When the old man saw the joyous tears leap from his child's eyes he turned away and walked down the road alone; but he was not so afflicted but that he heard the blessings that followed him. And he heard the added ones beneath the mercy of heavens he wiped his own eyes as though something troubled them.

Gay as a lark was gentle, beautiful Agnes when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheek, and the smiles were upon her happy face like sunshine all the day long.

"Do you pray to God to help you to love me now?" the old man asked, after he had lived with Walter some months.

"Why—what do you mean?" Agnes asked, in surprise.

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"I am very much afraid that you love him more than you do your father," said the old man, with a sigh.

"You—very high in the air," the young man returned, with a laugh.

"But tell us what it is?"

"Why, sir, it's what you see as not. Mr. Quoted is to retire from our firm in a few days. He is well advanced in years, and has made a fortune in trade, and he will live now for comfort and health alone. He has not been very well of late years."

"And is that all?"

"Yes, sir. I may be advanced to the post of head book-keeper, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars——"

"And is *that all*?"

"Yes."

"But what 'castle in the air' is there about that?"

"That—that isn't the castle."

"Then what is the castle?" urged the old man, playfully.

"Why—simply this," said Walter, laughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell it: "This noon Mr. Quoted came up and laid his forehead on my shoulder, and said he—he—he playful way—Walter, I'll sell you all my interest in the fifty thousand dollars.'"

"He, he, he," laughed Noah Bowman, "and you thought you had a fortune?"

"No, no," quickly returned the young man. "I did not think that, though I know that the other two partners would willingly have me for an associate——"

But it seems to me old Osgood boils his chestnuts in the concern at a high figure."

"Yes, yes, I do," said Agnes, low one. There is a clear capital of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Walter knows all about it, and thus think of all the standing and good-will which goes to make up——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man again.

Then Walter laughed; and then Agnes laughed, and the three laughed together, and then stopped.

On the next evening Walter Adams came to Noah Bowman's house, and he was not laughing. His was pale and agitated and his eyes had been filled with weeping.

"Walter?" cried Agnes, in terror, "what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing," returned Noah Bowman, without looking around.

"Yes, there is something," returned the young man, staring up; "but I am the victim of a miserable joke."

"Eh?—how so?" asked old Noah, now turning his chair.

"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, and Mr. Quoted and the partners had gone to the reading. I was still at work when Mr. Osgood came in. He looked rather grave, and there was a sort of tendency of what Osgood had overheard. It is known to all that Mr. Quoted is rich here, forty-nine thousand eight hundred and seven dollars. Osgood was just reporting over the cash and paying the while out property to me, and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the others."

"Well," said the old man, thumping his foot upon the floor, and speaking in a hoarse voice, "I don't see anything very bad in that."

"Nor I," replied Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."

There was something in Noah's eye again, but he turned away to get it out, and then he turned back.

"Walter Adams, when young men used to know about my child, I believed they were only after my gold; but I've seen in your conduct you correct. I believed the same of you. I knew nothing but the love of money that could underlie such deception. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my good that you were sent to me. I see it now by my bosom. It was for her to keep before me the blessings of truth with which I had been denied but, alas! who occupied a place in that love second? to my gold! It was for my child to open those fountains which had been sealed within me, and had been for a lifetime closed up. I heard her pray that you might love me, and I knew that she might have help from God to love me; and when I heard that I believed it to be your with. I owe her grow pale and sorrowful, and I knew I had done it—and she loved me still. And still she prayed God to help her—help her what! Help her love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chose silence with duty to her father rather than break that duty in unison with the man she loved. And you uttered a prayer. You prayed that I might be made penniless—— Stop! Hear me through—— You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man who would love an old wreck like myself, with no money. If it was so, then that would break the last layer of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I had gained a glimmering of light—my heart had been softened—and I prayed fervently that I might not be disappointed.

"I went to the bank, and drew out fifty thousand dollars in bills. That night my miserable old hut was set on—of—— maybe fire. I shall always think 'twas my candle did it. But the old shell burned down, and room was made for a better habitation. I had also safely stuffed into my bosom and deep pockets, and all fastened up; and the next day I carried it all back to the bank, and put it out with a few thousand more which I hadn't disturbed. And as my experiment commenced, and I found the full antidote at last. Aye, Walter, I found you the noble, true man I had prayed for. You took me into your home, and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your home for just what God had made her. And now, my boy, I've been doing a bit of work in the dark. I've paid Mr. Osgood fifty thousand dollars, and for his share in the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one more thing, my child—if your two partners can raise fifty thousand dollars more to invest, just tell 'em you can put in Bowman's twenty thousand, more at twelve hours' notice. Tell 'em that, my boy! Tell 'em old Noah sink's quite solvent yet. Tell 'em he has twenty thousand! Haurr, hy boy! Come here, Agnes—come here, Walter. God bless you both—God bless you—God bless you!"

Nobody protested that they had mates in the joy of now, for the occasion of the weeping was too palpable.

GO NOT YET.

Go not yet, the night is young,
The moon is scarcely on her way
And the nightingale has sung
But the prelude to her lay.
Go not yet!

Stay, and ease my heaving heart,
Pausing all its truth to prove;
Why so early must you part?
The sun cannot hear of love.
Go not yet!

Burning fire shall set their soul
On my passion's heart-sought,
While they eagerly reveal
How thou art my star's delight.
Go not yet!

Stolen moments, let them be
Witnesses of your bliss;
All that's past and that's to come
But a dream compared to this.
Go not yet.

NOW AND TO-DAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Our to-day's—how inadequately are they appreciated! Now—in which all the blessings of life are best included—with what treasures heaped around do we turn from its rich offerings, to feast our eyes on gardens of delight, that spread away, irregularly, in the misty future months or with the unutilized! There are pencils and diamonds scattered all over the palm of our reading, but we cannot stop to gather them for looking at the magnificent gold plateau against the far horizon. All of our unhappiness springs from negligence and indifference to the present. The present moment is God's loving gift to man. In it we weave the web of our future, and make its threads bright or dark, as we do—or do not—with care and thought.

"Come and kiss me, papa," cried a voice full of mirth and love.

Both rose to the passage below, with cast, but and glowe on, all all ready to go forth to the day's business, and little yet Louis was up in his mother's chamber, only half dressed.

"Her'll time now, I'll kiss you when I come back," said the father, and then the door closed and the house in a hurried manner.

A pearl lay on the floor, and Mr. Edwards had failed to lift the precious thing. He would have been so much the richer for it.

"Dear Lu?" he said to himself, as he moved along the street, "that kiss would have done us both good. We could neither get a kiss back, and I hardly think that I shall find another half minute to spare from business during the day."

At the corner of the next square, Mr. Edwards waited four minutes for an omnibus. It was lost time. Four minutes spent with dear pet Louis, and dear Lu, together would have been worth a fragrant their memory through all the day!

Mr. Edwards arrived at his office, and seated himself behind his morning newspaper nor his book-keeper was there. No, he could neither get a kiss back, and were in the fire-proof, nor given from his Gazette the commercial news or state of the markets. No one could come in at all so early an hour. And Mr. Edwards passed the next twenty minutes in unsatisfactory reading. Then, he threw down the paper, disgusted upon his fee inconsiderable, with the world and himself, and began opening over the letters awaiting him.

At the end of twenty minutes, the book-keeper arrived. The honey of Louis's parting kiss would have sweetened the temper of Mr. Edwards for the day. But, Edwards arrived at the conclusion in a quick grew sure. He spoke to the book-keeper with a little impatience, and in words of censure for being late. A sick child was the excuse; and so he looked into his clerk's face, he saw that it was pale and sorrowful.

Mr. Edwards sighed. The present on his feet, and the future, and the past, all in shadow. He seemed to possess a stronger power of annoyance; a greater failure to lift a pearl from the floor. All the morning, was added many failures of a like character.

"Will you please to say an almanac?" said a childish voice near him.

"Yes, my dear," was the gruff reply of Mr. Edwards. He spoke as he looked up, on the little white, then, sighing again, went on with the letter he was writing when the little almanac-seller disturbed him at his work. Another "now" had passed, leaving a shadow instead of the sunshine it might have borrowed.

"Can you help me out to-day? I have a large note falling due."

"I cannot," replied Mr. Edwards.

The neighbor looked disappointed, and went away.

Now that neighbor had many times obliged Mr. Edwards in a similar way. Our merchant had an balance over in bank. That may be called for him. But he had money out on call, and could, without inconvenience, have helped his neighbor. He refused—refused with utter it was too late. The day had passed again, and left upon his memory another burden of negative thought.

And so the hours of that day past, each one leaving some "now" unimproved—some pearl lying by the wayside—some offered blessing unaccepted. And when, at a later hour than usual, Mr. Edwards turned his steps homeward, he felt as if he had lost instead of gained a day.

Louis, however, had kept his kiss, his fact could carry him, went the hours of Mr. Edwards towards his darling boy. Somehow, the father's imagination would present no other image of the child, except one that dwelt him in grief for the kiss denied that morning.

"Where is Louis?" were the first words spoken by Mr. Edwards as he entered the room where his wife was sitting. It was at least an hour after midnight.

"In bed and asleep," was the answer.

A moment's silence then ensued—it would have produced no unpleasant feelings; now it was felt almost like a painful shock.

Mr. Edwards went to the chamber where Louis lay in his little bed. The sun was burning low; and the light of the sun fell upon the child would fall upon his face. How beautiful it was in its childish innocence! How lightly it rested on the father's eyes now, looking as they did through the medium of a troubled state, a touch of grief upon the lips, and the heart's pulsations quick and heavy with the throbbing.

"Precious one!" he said, as he bent to kiss the pure forehead. "I wronged both your heart and mine!"

It seemed to him, after the kiss and confession, that the sleeper's face took on a more peaceful, living repose. He sat down by the bed and gazing down upon his unconscious boy; then murmuring to himself—"I shall not be so much sweet one!"—lowered the gas to a taper flame, and went with noiseless footing from the room.

For the gain of half a minutes to business in the morning, what a loss had there been to love and peace, and sweet affections! Mr. Edwards had to take care of our home, and our to-days; for herein lies the true secret of happiness, and the true philosophy of life.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS FOR WIVES.

In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than that of the husband. In fact, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of this blessing depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's prosperity and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant influence of extravagance and ill-management; and more is spent in those than women would generally believe. The sun never shines sweeter it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on every bosom but one's own. Home may be dear, but it is pensive imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, by a well-formed resolution within a well-ordered mind. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in the household. It is not in economy only that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those little comforts which, such a well-regulated mind. An unfurnished grate stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a clumsy spoon, a soiled table-cloth, a mended egg, in the old economical way, are the leaven about it, are severally nothings; but each can make a husband wretched or cause discomfort. Spread as it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed multitude of little things. Neatness, table; and if wives will but attend to these particulars, they will find the result in their consequences. Men grow fond of beauty, fond of music, are often too wearied for conversation after their business; but they are not tired by appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. Many wives are fond of display, sacrificing their sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him to whom they have vowed to cleave, and for the cleaning luxuries of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his whole heart will inevitably wander. And women live so entirely in the affections that, without the sympathies of which life is a burden and blank, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be, if they have unto them the reward of a loveless home. Women of the higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their happiness, that of their domestic, are bound up in

WATCH WELL OVER YOUR CHILDREN.

Children can only be preserved in health of body and mind by a constant and minute attention to their habits, and to the state of their feelings. They are watchful and keen observers of all that goes on around them—of conversations, and of your surprise. An accent contains the germ of the delight; and a look, a word, a gesture, a tone, is the infant mind, may produce fearful results. They are now plastic, and may be moulded at will; but if you neglect them, they will be moulded by others. You laugh at their childish babble, but see what it leads to. It is in you may trace the first lisp of deceptive, the coquette, the loving woman. And the child's first sorrowing, what is it more than they are great to them, proportioned to their strength. Our great poet has told us pity the sighs of little ones. Let us not smile at our little children's passions—watch well, but do not tamper with them. Gentle, truthful, loving, and obedient children, every evil feeling, may be carefully watched in a child's heart, by judicious, but unbinding parents. Even the baby in arms can have a kind of education—will give some traits of character to the man. Every thought, look, and action of your children—why should we doubt their power of knowing right from wrong? They do; and it is not at all unfrequent to hear a child refuse to obey, because "I am naughty—I won't do it." Some present love to tease them—to excite their fear—to make them cry—to hurt. This is worse than tyranny. Who can answer for the consequences of such? Many a child has grown into vicious temper, weakened health, and injured intellect. And this fearful, life-long misery is too often the result of a mother's fault. Watch well over them, over your children; for of a truth small things are great to them.

DURRUTTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, will be more or better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This reminder confers with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it to all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

OUR OLD TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are allowed one single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies is entitled to a ninth copy for his trouble. Or, if he prefers, he can send a picture to the value of one dollar, and we will mail it to you.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler. Do not pay him one penny on account of the paper or the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

CHEAP NEWSPAPERS.

Example is contagious, and if the moral be good there is no stopping at the end. Whatever books at England, or upon Europe, can see how regal estates and institutions, the effects of ancient revolutions, melt before a bold example of change, seen in the popular will. Even in the land of Hampden, the English people have not borne constraint without a full sense of its justice or injustice, and a constant readiness to overthrow it, and, if need be, to throw it off. They have, consequently, had the freest courts, the most liberal and the most unshackled press—save our own—in the world. Yet the English people have scarcely entered into the enjoyment of these things—especially the fruits of a free press. Why? Because, although inclined by the genius of the age, circumstance has been kept up, as absolutely forbidding as the fiat of a judge.

The press—that fountain in this age of all the better springs that move and govern the world—has been shut from the common English eye by its gate of gold—its price. The book, the review, the newspaper, for the use of the millions, cloud-hinger, might as well not have been. Such is the instinct way by which the conservative of all institutions may be virtually signalled by the free, but yet not with a palpable stroke of the sword. This has been one cue by which aristocracy circumvented an end which it could not obtain by plainly repugnant dealing with principle. But "knowledge is power"—and every colossal man proves the maxim—that the old Lords of the Lands and the Old World conquer power, when they invented a mode of prices and censorship which should observe the light they dared not openly interdict.

But the English masses, though full of endurance, are resolute when aroused, and catching glimpses of the "candle under the bushel," have demanded more light—light for all—but not until we set them an example—and, having done demanded, in letters as in other things, that what is good for one is good for all. Our cheap press and particularly our cheap newspapers have had their effect upon the Old World, which, by slow but certain degrees, is yielding to the universal demand of the age for a freer circulation of human knowledge—for that glorious interchange of ideas and humanizing intercourse, of which the noblest and most potent agent is the cheap newspaper.

CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT.

Whatever other causes might be cited, as connected with the increase of crime, we think there is one too patent for any observer to doubt its agency. It is the difficulties in the way of conviction. So greatly have these increased of late years, that it is, now-a-days, a common remark, that "no person is convicted of a capital crime, who has money, or wealthy and influential friends." If such an one be prosecuted, as indeed, the public power is almost certain to be interposed—

We have heard voluntary counsel engaged for the facility of escaping conviction complained of, among which it is repugnance on the part of witnesses and jurors, to the death-penalty. Without stopping to settle this point, we may safely conclude that the influence of the latter is believed to be very pernicious. It has always been our impression that the perpetrator of a heinous crime has much firmer of the chance of escape than of the nature of the punishment which he has incurred pleased dead. If this be so, how important that the expectation of certain punishment should be present in the mind of the evil-disposed, and that the expectation of probable acquittal, in the event of a conviction, be kept from the view of those who can find the criminal calendar decreased to a most delicate degree.

THE INCREASE.—Shocking a hatchet advertising from wants to know if we have any objection to his using our name in connection with his business. We have no objection to his using our name in connection with his business. We had the same to be easily and regularly published by another dealer in the city. We are much of hammer method of leading the criminal recipient to avoid the punishment provided by the law.

We don't know of any better way to "pay off" those people than by young their "Christian's through the petroleum; and we don't well twenty the master, advertise the men who resort to such means, petty tricks, so that people may know what they are so meanly conducted. Won't some one try the method? We think it would stop the nuisance.

☞ There are two difficulties in life—men are disposed to spread more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can control.

And these two difficulties will prevent any man from making headway in the world. We have often endeavored to show the folly of living extravagantly, or beyond one's means; and with people reform in this particular, it will be useless for them to sigh for what they so much desire—wealth and all its luxurious attend ants.

WHERE'S THE BOY NOW!

Sydney Smith wonderfully tickled the spleen of his fellow-Britons with his stores and sneers about the "republishing" Americans. The clerical cynic had lavished it Pennsylvania stocks, and for a time failed to trouble them—indeed, he got so frightened by his fancies about that Sinde's servitor, that he sold his securities at an "immense" discount. Before Sydney's death, however, Pennsylvania had righted herself, and afforded him an opportunity of seeing what an ass he had made of himself—as well as Brougham. Another view of the English press have let off a deal of acidity and bile on American account. Our indigofy as a people has been variously questioned by them, and the credit and honor of our commercial class has received their unadorned charge. According to their view, an American had a little rather make money than anything else in any other way, and considered it an especially good joke if he could swindle an Englishman. Still, owing to some inexplicable fascination, the American market was a favorite one for English investment, as it continues to be. But all this has not, apparently, served as the last excellent in boast of English commercial integrity and credit. An English correspondent, we were assured, "was as good as the bond—and his bond as good as gutta-percha, the world round." There was no lack of leading among British critics—no fictitious capital—no diddling circumlocution in their trade. It was all fair, and there above board. If so, what a wreck of so fair a fabric was the recent failure of Overend, Gurney & Co.! Not cite instances, to show the wreck, but simply reproduce a query of the London Time, called forth by the fraud of Agnew & Co., and directed at bank's panics and banks—brought to light by the present financial crisis? "Is the solid credit of a great *commercial character* utterly extra?" asks the Times. It is not for us to say—we hope, we presume not. At any rate, if the last case be such, many will look at home as makes our reputation smell sweet. We shall not trouble them. The Times' inquiry is handy made to wag less against her neighbors.

OUR HERITAGE.

Have not we, the citizens of this country, a truly great and glorious heritage?—one which has been wrought with so immense and solemn responsibility?

Who can think of the vastness of our country—the wonderful fertility of its soil—the wide sweep of its forests—its towering mountains, rock-ribbed, and lanced as they are with veins of silver and gold—its mighty rivers and lakes—its almost exhaustless mineral resources—its varied yet genial climate—its ocean climate—without an irrepressible thrill of grateful as well as proud exultation that such a land is ours, and not be, it there be not a heart, consequently, had the finest courts, the most liberal and the most unshackled press—save our own—in the world. Yet the English people have scarcely entered into the enjoyment of these things—especially the fruits of a free press. Why? Because, although inclined by the genius of the age, circumstance has been kept up, as absolutely forbidding as the fiat of a judge.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

READING THE BIBLE FOR HIRE.

"Do you see this gold dollar?"

(Of course the little bright eyes saw it.)

"Well, I shall be yours at the end of the year, if you will promise to read two chapters in the Bible every day."

It seems incredible that any parent or teacher should be guilty of this sacrilege, and yet it is by no means of uncommon occurrence; the child, greedy for the reward, accepts the condition, and forces after wonders the Bible, which, in its sublime imagery, its beautiful, blessed, life-giving, sorrow-soothing, hope-inspiring precepts, with the idea of a disagreeable task. The Bible is too precious a pearl to be thus dissolved by careless fingers, and forcibly swallowed without tasting; anybody who has common sense knows that the palate rejects the food which has never been offered as a gift; that it up as you will you can never afterwards disguise the fact of the disagreeable morsel.

Forbear! ye the conservative—you are treading on dangerous ground—and I retort, It is you who are treading on dangerous ground. It is you who are making Sabbath-haters, and Sabbath-breakers, and infidels of that sort; for there is no unbeliever so rabid as he who, in his youth, taken his eye off from the study of the Bible, and engaged when he durst question the infallibility of the creed upon which he was spiritually nursed. It is from this source that we breed so much of women's estate, usage the finger at the church-ordained creed—"Is it possible that the Bible is nonsense in the land—runs to the farthest end of the world?" Such questions are answered by our Existence which prostrate itself in every motion of the curiously organized frame in every little and large particle, and which, when it does not so fade when its heavenly strand is delivered, and its pulse ceases to beat.

Oh, what nobler sight is see, than the brow on which the Spirit has placed with a hug-dress that to that God who sees all, and has also said to his children of light," Thou hast laid the wisdom that is in the Bible under weight of human, unspiritual teachings, the Bible would not to so many be dark and weary as a thrice told tale, or to gathering dust as a relic of a past sort; for there is no subscriber

GENERAL MARION.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Tenas to the war for liberty,
Some dozen years ago,
While o'er the Carolina roam'd
A stern, undaunted foe.

Proud Tarleton, with the scarlet legged,
Pursu'd every where for prey,
And Southern blood dew'd freely forth
As wine on vintage-day.

Then Marion and his merry men
An earnest work began,
Through wilderness or thicket rude,
Like Arabs rush'd to ride
And while their foes' artillery
Dragg'd on with heavy pace,
Like bees they hung o'er flank and wing,
Or vanish'd like the lean.

Up from the greensward burst they sprang,
And ambry stood at bay,
And woe to them who met their shaft
In deadly battle-fray.

For Marion was as keen a knight
As e'er drew sword or bridle,
And warmly in his unstring veins
Ran'd the good blood of Huguenot.

Of ancient Huguenot, who crost'd,
For conscience-sake, the seas,
And planted in these western wilds
A stock without a stain.

Once mowing, from the British camp
A flag of truce was sent,
An open-sided officer
Inspired the Marion's tent;

And forth to meet him came a man
Unbent'd by grasp or pelse—
True greatness never fears to lay
Prerogative aside—

Yet still within himself he bore
The majesty of control,
Then keen, black eyes, where'er he ope
Burn'd in the listener's soul.

The business o'er, with courteous air
The chief was heard to say,
"The meanest boor is warrior fair,
You'll dine with us to-day."

Low bow'd the guest, yet stood around,
For nothing met his eye,
Like blooker Arthur's rare round boof,
And porter-bearing high.

Naught might his unerring glance discern
Save sentinel here and there,
Huge piles of dark nutritious rock,
And forest-boughs to spread
And to the fire fragments of game,
Which blazing between and high,
Pour'd scattered through the forest roots,
And gambol'd on the sky.

"It is a fad, kind General,
To-day, with thee and them!"
Sent on to Lords, Sir Englishman,
Thou'lt find no better game.
Fie! He, indeed, but rather *fond*,
In well we seldom fare,
Those sweet potatoes, large and brown,
My soldiers gladly share.'

Then with a smile, and hearing back,
Like one who scorns to wait,
"Perhaps, you choose to lunch to-day
Whate'er is sent you late."
No change was made for lack the more
To help our native land,
His lash a right to rule it and
To every heart and hand."

With that, down, like those eyes close
Shield's open, round and wide;
"I never heard of such a thing,"
King George's man replied;
"*Fight without pay or rations, sir?*
Tis too absurd and bad!
I know that you were valiant native,
But think you all are mad."

"There is a think," quoth Marion,
Wherein a story old
Of one who serv'd to win a wife,
In simple style is told,
That better serves your he-serv'd, they seem'd
To gibe with rapid flight,
Love was the thinness that made
His weary labor light."

Then as the wonderful messenger
Bounced his bemuzzled way,
Much raising up the scattered things
Which he had seen that day,
Up to his mind a moral rose,
Like visions strange and erude,
And thus to his well-pleased guests arose
The story he'd pondered.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 14th, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE.

CHAPTER XV.

Some minds evolve at a conclusion by the slow and tedious process of deduction, others jump at it. The result is much the same in either case; for instinct, especially where the best interests are concerned, bears as marvellous a resemblance to reason, that it would puzzle a philosopher to decide where the former ends and the latter commences.

Mark Andrew, then, hastily called upon for the first time in his life to form a conclusion, very naturally preferred the shortest and the easiest way—in fact, he had never heard of such a thing as a result was, the perfect conviction in his own mind, that uncle Andrew was guilty of a fraud on uncle Mike, perhaps greater. The balance of opinion rather inclined to the side that he was so, and most of our readers, we doubt not, will agree with him.

Had any one told the poor, friendless boy that his well-dressed, respectable-looking relative had committed murder, he would have believed it, without proof, and condemned him, as Judge Jeffries did the unfortunate adherents of Monmouth, in Devonshire, on the strength of his internal convictions of guilt.

Fortunately for the old steward, the question between his nephew and himself was merely one of wounded feeling and disappointment on one side, and a heartless disregard of the ties of blood and struggling helplessness on the other. Had Mr. Silex shrieked forth a helping hand, or only uttered a kind word, which would have cost him no one thing, he might have secured a grateful recollection where he had wantonly planted bitterness and resentment.

It was unwise; for such impressions but too frequently grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength of those who receive them.

Jack's dudgeon for the present were directed to two objects; but was to disappear on the abode of the mysterious relative whose acquaintance he had so unexpectedly made—a secret which had baffled all the penetration of Mike, and considerably aggravated his fraternal *fealty*; the second, to find out the name of the lady who appeared so anxious to place her child under such respectable guardianship; for her child she had very naturally supposed it to be, not comprehending why any one should pay for the support of other people's children.

He had never met with such disinterestedness—no one had ever offered to pay for him.

As to any un the discovery, in either case, might be to him, he left that to Providence. It was the first stroke of business out of his regular line he had ever ventured upon, on his own account; and, like a new speculator launched on the world's embargo, he naturally felt hopeful.

Full of determination, Jack proceeded, at an early hour the following morning, to the park—the peak of his cap pulled slowly over his eyes, a large worsted comforter twisted carefully round his neck so as to hide the lower part of his features—and seated himself at the end of one of the benches, which, in summer, are generally occupied by sentimental nursery-maids, and the noisy, laughter-loving boys supposed to be under their charge. We have often watched these groups, with here and there a red coat, off duty, philandering away the hours to known not how to dispose of, and a military policeman, on duty, giving himself officious airs, and looking dreadfully stern at his military crush

LADY BOOTHROYD SARCASHING WITH "MISS" FOR THE DISPOSAL OF LILLIAN.

The position was well selected, and did great credit to the boy's tactics, commanding, as it did, not only the steps leading to Waterloo-place, but the passage to Spring-gardens, and the long walk extending from the palace to the grounds—grand!

If Mr. Silex did, by any accident, happen to pass through the park, his nephew must be blind indeed not to perceive him.

It is astonishing with what patience the boy watched and waited—not even the loss in the fascinations, with the crowd of merry makers, most of them lads of his own age, and, what appeared still more tempting, the famous long stilts outside the rails, could draw him for a single instant from his

post: a proof that though his hands and feet might be half frozen, his heart remained warm with the bitterness of resentment.

The only recreation he allowed himself was an occasional short run, accompanied by the swinging of his arms athwart his chest, or, when in serious doubt as to the exact locality of his foes, sharply striking the soles of his blushers against the trunk of the nearest tree; by way of accentuating, we suppose, whether the usual tenants were at home or not.

It would have been hard indeed if so much perseverance had failed of success.

Jack had been several hours in the park, when

"Quite alone, marm," answered Mike; "if you have anything to say to me."

"You have been regrounded to me," said the artful woman, "as a person who may be trusted."

"With untold gold, marm," exclaimed the convict, clapping his hand upon his breast, as if calling upon his heart to witness the truth of his assertion; and trying, at the same time, to look considerably honest.

"That is not exactly the kind of confidence I wish to place in you," observed the lady, drily.

"Well, marm, it might have been if you quite ready to take charge of anything—it will be quite safe in my keeping—I've the best of characters, and can——"

"No doubt!" interrupted her ladyship, somewhat impatiently; "but it is perfectly unnecessary for you to tell me so: I informed myself *thoroughly of your character*, before I decided on employing you."

"That villain Andrew has been splitting on me," thought Mike; "I his own twin brother, too."

"I wish to ascertain," continued the speaker, "whether you are disposed to take charge of a child?"

"A child!" exclaimed the ruffian, with affected surprise. "It ain't much in my way, but perhaps I could try a baby."

His visitor pointed to Lillian.

"Well, she is a pretty creature," he continued, in what was doubtless intended for a soft and affectionate tone; "come here, my love."

The child instinctively shrank from him, and clung to Lady Boothroyd.

"Unfortunately she is frightened," said the latter, and cannot be acknowledged. She is also exceedingly delicate," she added, "and requires a firm hand to restrain her."

"I am firm enough, marm," replied Mike, scowling on Lillian for the transgression she had involuntarily displayed; "and as to her being ill—like—I know what you mean, though I can't exactly remember the word—it don't so much matter; you ain't the first woman," he added, "who has met with a misfortune."

What does the wretched man mean to insinuate?" reflected the mistress of Meldreth Park greatly shocked at a supposition so offensive to her dignity; "could he be the only father she possessed, she naturally felt the more tenacious of.

"It's all right, marm," said Mike, with a knowing wink; "no offence."

A little reflection convinced his visitor how absurd it would be to argue on such a point with the fellow; and, after all, the idea was not unfavorable to her views. Concealment of the well must to be inseparable from vulgar minds, and by letting him suppose that his opinion, she might easily be in favor of his making no further inquiries respecting her.

The pecuniary part of the transaction was soon arranged. Fifty pounds were to be paid annually, at the end of every year, for the maintenance of Lillian.

"I forgot to add," said the unprincipled woman, as she rose to depart, "that the child is entitled to her full proportion of clothes."

"Is she, though?" exclaimed Mike, secretly wondering at the confidence so unexpectedly placed in him.

"*Which, in the event of her death,*" continued the lady, "I should feel it my duty to see you, as a consideration of the trouble which you will doubtless have had with her—provided, of course, that you take proper care of her."

"I'll take care of her," muttered the convict. "And I am not blind to her value."

"As blind as you desire, marm," replied the ruffian. "But suppose now anything should happen to her," he added, speaking very deliberately, "and some children is very apt to die, how am I to let you know of it?"

"I shall send a person in whom I can confide, every six months, to see the child," answered her ladyship.

"Which I call anywhere?" suggested Mike, insinuatingly.

"No."

"Or write?"

The prudent proposal the negative was pronounced in a tone still more decided than to the first, and the speaker took her leave. She was far too wary to be caught in that quarter.

Lillian, terrified at being left alone in such a wretched-looking place, attempted to follow; but the master of the cottage dragged her roughly away, threatening, with fearful curses, to twist her neck if she cried or stirred.

"Sit there," he said, forcing her into a chair in the corner of the room, "and mind that if ever you move, that's all. I'll soon teach you."

The child, who had come down to repose them, would break convulsively from time to time through her helpless sobbing, and, in the agony of her locks, failed to make the least impression upon Mike; in fact, he had something else to think of. The parting words of his visitor rang in his ears: they had produced the effect the speaker calculated on.

Five hundred pounds in the event of the death of the child! Why, he had never been the possessor of such a sum in the whole course of his career of villany. It appeared enormous to him; and yet how easily a little exertion on his part might be made him the master of it.

Five hundred pounds! It was independence—positive wealth, according to his estimation of riches.

"Why didn't she speak out?" he muttered. "Because she was afraid to trust me, I suppose. Not that I'm anxious to run any risks—no, no. Too wide awake for that; but it is an awful lot of tin," he added, musingly, as he gazed upon the golden heap, by as he mentally calculated all that it would purchase.

Then the thought of Andrew's threat, that it would be made known to his employer, occurred to him, and somewhat clouded his imagination.

The idea of Jay to be worth her weight in gold to him," he said, repeating his words. "I wonder what he will be worth to me?"

The answer was still the same—five hundred pounds.

There seemed to be a sort of magic in the sum. Mike had heard of such an amount before—nay, of much larger one; but never had his mind grasped the idea so completely. He counted upon his fingers the number of years and months it would take, divided it into fifties, and, if his arithmetic had been correct, would have reduced it to twelve thousand shillings, sixpences, and pence, in order to form an exact estimate if its value.

Although acutely tempted, he came to the conclusion to do nothing rashly. In the first place, he wanted to be assured that in the event of any accident to his charge, the money would be really and truly paid; for he was quite informed enough to know that there was no recovery upon a verbal promise in a court of law. Besides he had had enough of law: its chances had been unfavorable to him. In the next, how the affair might be arranged in a business-like manner without danger to himself.

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"No doubt!" interrupted her ladyship, somewhat impatiently; "but it is perfectly unnecessary for you to tell me so: I informed myself *thoroughly of your character*, before I decided on employing you."

"That villain Andrew has been splitting on me," thought Mike; "

The last consideration, however, embarrassed him the least; for, as he before observed, "some children are uncommon delicate."

"Only think, now," soliloquized Mike, in a philosophic vein, "five hundred pounds again!, a begging! He aggrawates me to think on it. Five hundred pounds, just for placing one's hand over her mouth for a few minutes, and stopping her breath! I could do it at eathy as—but then——"

It is astonishing what power these two words have exercised in the world, both for good and evil. What they have cooled the courage of many a desperate man for rapine within the pale of legal finesse, arrested hands upon the verge of crime, and sometimes driven them to commit it, in the vain hope of concealing it. They exercise also a fulfilled influence. Many a monetary would sell his constituents; ministers betray their country and perpetrate jobs too scandalous even for the cynical eye we live in to pass over in silence, but for the terrible question, "What then?" They form, as it were, parts of the police of society, and are most efficient in the preventive service.

Mike's reveries were broken by the return of Jack, who affected great surprise on seeing Lillian, and asked all kinds of embarrassing questions respecting her. She was also "made at" the stay long with them! what was her name, and how came she here?

"You are pleggy curious!" exclaimed the old convict, impatiently; and then addressed himself, somewhat exhausted by the succession of falsehoods he had been forced to tell. "She is the daughter of a friend of mine," Ill-mannered as he was, he was pleased; and her name is—what is your name?" he asked, suddenly.

"Lilly," answered the trembling child.

"Don't speak so gruffly," said the boy; "you frighten her."

"I shall speak as I please," was the reply.

Jack's blood was naturally hot, and, as he felt his affections had run wild, for want of proper handles to unite them, We do not mean to be the last to deny acceptation of the word: he was too young for that, but that sort of wildness which marches youth unsullied. Children require some one to love as well as to look up to. It is the strongest instinct of their nature. If they had not a mother or sister, ten to one but what he had turned out a very different character. But her boy was not only his uncle Mike's and our readers are aware how impossible it was for the most loving disposition to attach itself to him.

The want of something to rest his heart upon had shown itself in his kindness to little Mary, and his rough and ready sympathy with Richard Hoffman. It had now discovered another object, and creating under the same mysterious law which leads the solitary plant rooted in some dark and humid cell to direct its only leaves towards the only spot of light which penetrates it, Jack turned towards it instinctively.

If Mr. Sikes had an enemy, poor Lillian had a friend.

"Don't cry," he said, taking the child by the hand; "I can't bear it; very rough in his speech, but he won't harm you."

The convict uttered an inarticulate "Umph!" and Lillian looked up in the face of the boy, and tried to smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was many a long year since Mike had been so flush of cash, and he determined to indulge the more parsimonious habits of his nature by a little enjoying himself—in other words, to drink and swill at the same time of day that he generally did in neighborhood. In order to do this without risk of his charge escaping, Jack was ordered to remain at home, and for two days he was left alone with the house. It was no great punishment to him, for, without knowing why, he shrunk instinctively from much of life to which his uncle had trained him.

It is not to be supposed that such repugnance arose from any moral consideration. The danger attending his exploits, perhaps, might have something to do with it, as well as the frightful, ghastly appearance of Richard Hoffman, for both weighed upon his mind, which, as far as the boy knew, were not connected, was a mere blank. He certainly understood certain things were punished, provided they were found out—had heard of laws and magistrates, and knew what the police was for; but of society as a principle, and as to the due obedience of his conduct towards his fellow creatures, he was as ignorant as though no such command had never been given.

Here stand hundreds, and thousands of children in this vast empire, are in the same condition! Our streets teem with them—our gaols yawn to receive them! From the cellars of cities where the stagnant air is laden with miasma, the noxious vapor, the sunless dens, the foul and pestiferous hot-bed of vice, the seed of a future problem—madness making, suicide!

Not one of these helpless creatures—born in ignorance, reared in ignorance, living in ignorance, and, what is far more appalling, dying in ignorance—but, under other auspices, might become valuable members of society, a source of country's strength, instead of weakness, and her infancy, in reaching the maturity of her calculations and set a useful part in the great drama of humanity.

Let us pass way to enter into conversation with one of these little outcasts, and he will be struck by one of two things: his shyness or reserve, or bewildered with shyness amounting to terror, or a degree of curiosity still more painful to contemplate. Why is this? Young as the victim may be, he feels that he is already at war with society, or declared its enemy, and is either prepared to trample to deceive, or insolently brave it. He feels upon the well-dressed pair he meets with distrust—a distrust as his natural enemies, and his feelings being characterized according to a state of hostilities.

The enemy's files is right. Society is his enemy, for it has left him in ignorance, instead of retreating like a cause the ramparts of error, the back, and confident in its strength, plays the game of its antagonist king.

How frequently do we hear those who have never contributed a shilling towards the education of the poor, complain of the pressure of crime, suggest plans for prison discipline, penal colonies, and the treatment of criminals, when the very pence much better turn their attention to schools—they will be found cheaper in the end.

Prevention is better than cure, and on this principle we are always averse to reformatories. Not that we consider the better system unnecessary; far from it; they have their use, and are doing excellent work.

But why not fill the gaol by calling it bailed, stopping here, the disease developed, when the means of avoiding so great a portion of those miseries are at hand, envy of application, and consequently longevity.

Should any one accuse us, in consequence of these observations, of wandering from our legitimate sphere, we boldly answer—No; our office is to instruct as well as amuse. A great truth may be advocated even by a novelist; and personnages, as the Lennox does, an almost unrivaled power of publicity—a voice, as it were, at every fireside in the Union, we should ill perform our duty if we did not constantly utter through its pages thoughts for age to dwell on—subjects worthy the ambition of the young.

There is a kind of freemasonry in childhood; it requires no introduction; innocence introduces itself, ignores the distinctions of social rank, and in making a friend, never inquires where the object of its preference basks, or whether, in a worldly phrase, the acquaintance is likely to prove an eligible one.

The little victim obeyed.

"Where do you come from?" he added.

"I've been a long way over the sea."

"And have you no father or mother?"

"No," said Lillian, her dark eyes answering Lillian, bursting into tears.

"I thought as much," muttered the stretch.

He could draw but little further information from her, which was not very surprising, seeing that Lillian was only six years old when she left India, and till the last few weeks had spoken but little English. All she remembered was that her papa used to wear a red coat, with gold something on it, and that forgetting the gilt on his epaulet shoulders, and a sword by his side. That she died first, and her mamma a few days after him.

"Poor little thing!" said the boy charitably. "I'll be blessed," he added, "that Andrew knows still more her pity to think of his being so close with his brother, and we are twins, too! but I'll turn all about her, too, since I've done, consulting as to the best course."

Having come to this praiseworthy conclusion, Jack left the room, and proceeded to put his plan into execution, which was only broken by the impatience Lillian to see him, and by the sound of his footsteps, and found himself unusually safe, he called himself up with his best under the bedclothes, and slept the morning of the return of Mike. Aroused from the profound, called him to run shivering down to the cooking-fire, and to eat.

In the morning Jack saw the first up, the fire-place swept, and the kettle on—to make it, as the boy said, "a deal better ready before he called Lillian. Twice on entering the room he had found her upon her knees, and he heard the prayer. Touched by the side of the trundle bed; and though he had had a father and mother, he was employed in a feeling of new emotion there, and he crept silently away, not to disturb her.

The third time he caught her thus occupied, he determined to ask her about it.

"Lilly," he said, when she descended, "what you a doin' just now?"

"When you came to bed and me?"

"Yes."

"Asking my prayers," answered the child, astonished at the question.

"And to whom do you pray?"

"To God."

"Who taught you?"

"Mamma," replied the orphan, her eyes filling with tears, "a long while ago."

"Then, don't cry!" exclaimed the boy, kissing her; "I won't tease you any more about it."

"You don't tease me."

"Don't I! Well, then, let it off that no one can ought me to pray to him!"

"Perhaps you have no mamma," suggested Lillian, innocently.

"I must have had a mother, which is the same thing, I suppose," said Jack, "only I can't remember her, though I often try. I thought people only said prayers, but that was when they were in a row, and you must draw for to get there," he added; "I know that, for I heard Andrew chaffing them to Mr. Sunday."

"And did you never go?" inquired the child.

"Lord, Lily!" exclaimed the boy, "what should I do there?"

"Pray, as other people do. Do you never pray?"

"I used to do to Mike, to let me off when he was a-goin' to jaw-ney," answered the lad; "but he doesn't try it on now. The last time his shins was black and blue for a fortnight, so he don't let's get enough at it. What do you say?"

"That I would pray."

"If you like," answered Jack, hesitatingly, for he felt a disguise creeping over him.

"You must kneel, then."

"Kneel?"

"Yes," said Lillian, reflexly. "Mamma always made me kneel when she taught me."

For the first time in his life the knees of the young outcast were bent where they cannot be unbent to bend but once more, and, listening to the words of the Lord's prayer as they fell from the lips of his instructress. There was much in it that he could not comprehend.

"What do you mean," he asked, "by 'Give us this day our daily bread?' I thought people had to work for it, or steal it."

"God knows!" was the reply.

"And 'Deliver us from evil?'" he added.

Lillian's answer was still more brief.

Jack Mandre did not forget the latter phrase. It seemed to have made a peculiar impression on his mind, and several times in the course of the day he repeated it to himself, smilingly.

The heavy footing of Mike announced his safer put an end to his questioning. Lillian shrunk into a corner, and the boy began to busy himself about the breakfast.

The convict was in no very amiable humor. His late orgies had left him with a head like a drum, and eight's deficit; he loathed the very sight of food, but eagerly poured cup after cup of tea down his parched throat.

"What is the fool saturin' at?" he exclaimed, scowling on the child, who, terrified at his voice, could not take her eyes off him.

"Don't speak so gruffly, uncle," said Jack; "you only frighten her."

"And why should I frighten her?" demanded the brute, savagely.

"She sin't used to you yet."

"You're a queer one as ever an idiot as the gal," muttered the convict; "but it all comes of staying in a house, and that's the end of it—no more of it. You'd better be off," he added, "and see what you can pick up—I shin't a-goin' to keep you in idleness as I have done."

The assertion was rather a modest one, considering that for years the boy had done so.

Never had Jack felt so disinclined to quit the house as on that morning, but there was no help for it; it was only by bringing him money that he could hope to keep his influence over the good humor. He lingered as long as it was possible, and had Lillian made a good breakfast, and when he bade her at last "good-bye," it was with a sad heart to her.

"Come here," said Mike, addressing the child, as soon as they were alone.

With desperate courage the orphan advanced to him.

"That's right," he continued; "now, mark me: You see that door; if you attempt to pass it, without my leave, I'll cut the flesh off your very bones—do you hear?"

"Yes," gasped Lillian.

"See you mind me, then—I sin't a-goin' to stand no nonsense with you, I can tell you."

During the morning the convict absented himself for nearly an hour, carefully locking the door after him. On his return he brought several bottles of gin with him, two pipes, and some tobacco which he placed upon the table. From this action Jacquemart has evinced that he expected a visitor.

"Sit there," he said, pointing to a stool near the fire. "I don't want to keep you a-shiverin' in an eligible one.

The little victim obeyed.

"Where do you come from?" he added.

The two days that Jack and Lillian were left in the cottage together, were quite sufficient to make them understand each other; the orphan felt that she had acquired a friend, almost a protector, and the boy, that he had at last found something more intelligent than a dog or a rabbit to place his affections upon.

Jack never seemed to fire in his endeavors to amuse his little playfellow. From the first night he had given up his bed to her, on arrangement that made Mike wondered at, but did not object to, for the room—if the gloomy den over the coalhouse might be designated one—was lit only by a narrow skylight in the roof, far too high for a child to reach, and the bed was a truly "shake down" which did not escape the calculation of the convict.

The boy had made himself a sleeping-place at the head of the outer door. This, the night when Mike keenly on him from the kitchen came whistling up with a low, mumbling tune, that at once drew attention to either of these incumbrances. He now used to the night air, and, if he opened the window, and found himself unusually safe, he called himself up with his best under the bedclothes, and slept the morning of the return of Mike. Aroused from the profound, called him to run shivering down to the cooking-fire, and to eat.

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"Yes," gasped Lillian.

"See you mind me, then—I sin't a-goin' to stand no nonsense with you, I can tell you."

turning suddenly round on the boy, as soon as they reached one of the retired walks.

"Because you are," answered Jack.

"Pooh, pooh! nothing of the kind."

"It won't do!" exclaimed his nephew, with a broad grin; "I see as I have every word you said to Mike about mother and me, after you had settled for Lilly; and the lady who was to bring her! I know who the lady is, too," he added, "and where St. Faith's is, the Home Farm, and all about you."

"Umph! rather a clever boy," muttered the steward.

"I am not quite a fool, uncle."

"Evidently not. And does Mike know of this discovery?"

"No, sir. I only found you out myself this morning, by *fakeys* the coach you rate home from the park the other day in."

A smile of exhilaration played for an instant on the thin lips of the old man, and disclosed his very prominent teeth. *Jack did not much like the look* of them. A vague impression entered his head that his very respectable relative could give an ugly bite, and he felt somewhat more comfortable when the aforesaid lips were compressed together again.

"*My dear boy*," said Mr Sikes, speaking in his very softest tone, "it is contrary that we should understand each other. You are quite intelligent enough to feel the impossibility of my acknowledging my connection with your mother and Mike. It might cost me my place, in the first instance; and then, I should be useless to you."

"He is a rum sir," gravely observed Jack, who had been standing the interview in his uncle had complimented him on to the utmost to comprehend him.

"But with you," added the steward, "it's a very different thing. In fact, I have half made up my mind to take you into my service."

"Have you, though?" ejaculated the boy, and his little mouth dilated into a broad grin, "you'll make a rum sir, I'll be bound, as a character!"

"That's all."

"You are anxious to work."

"Only try me."

"Well, sir, you," said Mr. Sikes, emphatically. "You shall go with me into the country; I start in a few hours, and I will employ you on a farm. You will find it a very pleasant and healthy life. Of course," he added, "I can't expect much pay from you at first. All you will have to do is to ride on horseback through the fields and see that the laborers are at their work. You can rent and write, I suppose?"

Jack hung his head despondingly.

"Can't you read?" said the old hypocrite, encouragingly; "they are not learnt. The winter evenings you will find time to master them, and I shall choose a more fitting term—the infimacy which still existed between them.

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He had several beautiful and delicate looking children, whom ages varied from eight to ten; how he obtained them does not know, but it is worth while to inquire—certainly they were not his, for flowers could not be so fair and fragile as he had terrified or beaten them into calling him father, and his unnatural purposes to prosper as well.

These innocent children having been taught to dance upon stilts, were paraded about the streets in consequence of their peculiar attraction. Sometimes he made an excursion with them into the country; in either case he was the sole proprietor, the first from the voluntary contributions of the spectators, and the last by more substantial ones from the involuntary ones which his partner, one of the most expert pickpockets of the day, levied from the pockets of the crowd which his little dancers.

Mike's object in sending for this man was to dispose of Lilly. The five hundred pounds Lady Hollybrook had promised him seemed like a dream; he had made up his mind to have it, without crime if possible, but at all events to have it. The affair appeared to him to be so easy of execution, that he had his brother as well as her infirmity to deal with; but then he had only to threaten, and the child would fall into the snare. He was not quite so confident, however, was not sufficiently strong to counterbalance the fear of offending him, and, as a last resource, to my nothing of *throttling* his kind relative, whose tone, manner, and words had gradually, in the course of a conversation, led him to the project, and consented to accompany him back to the cottage, and see the child.

As they retraced their steps, the wily tempter, who knew his spouse could be more strenuous than he really possessed, continued the same strain of promises, described the country as a perfect Eden, and talked of allowing him a gun, and, needless, to my nothing of *throttling* his kind relative, whose tone, manner, and words had gradually, in the course of a conversation, led him to the project, and consented to accompany him back to the cottage, and see the child.

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At last, however, the many other accomplishments, enumerated his part by telling him that he should have time on his own account to fish in the gentlemen of him. He even went so far as to place his hand affectionately upon his uncle.

The lad shuddered at the contact of those long, bony fingers, and a cold chill ran through his veins, as he felt that he had suddenly called forth around him. Whether a warning or an impulse, the child's mind reverted to the evening with a bound out of the old man's reach.

"I won't go with you!" he exclaimed; "and I don't believe a word you've been telling me!"

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With this reflection he returned to the mansion of Sir Norman.

Whether he really intended to attempt the life of Jack, was a secret confided to his own heart, and to Him who alone could read it.

Jack felt quite merry as he walked briskly through the park; merry as the bird escaped from the hawk's snare. He had received a lesson, and it had not been thrown away upon him.

A second time the words in the prayer Lilly had taught him recurred to his memory, and he exclaimed aloud—

"Deliver us from evil."

This time he had a shrewd idea of what they meant.

CHAPTER XVII.

If crime has its horrors, it has also its pariahs, immensely more to be pitied than the latter. Has the world pays an involuntary tribute of admiration to the man who, having plundered on a gigantic scale, continues to baffle justice. The sometime of the filling trickies its fancy; it is looked upon as a stroke of genius.

Society reserves all its virtuous indignation for the puny larceny rogue—the lumper who had not sufficient wit to escape detection, who has held up his hand at the bar of offended justice, and been condemned, the fitting penalty for want of address. To such it shows no mercy; refuses even labor to the wretch who has once been convicted, yet sternly admonishes him to keep honest, then buttons up its pockets at the cry of an imitation, as if it had done its duty.

My sense is this unfortunate class of persons so carefully avoided, as by those who are not a with more honest than themselves.

The peculiar feeling which on account for the state of isolation in which Mike lived; not a neighbor would associate with him, and even when the Hebrew-dressed-rose whites were quite as loose as his, they were sternly sympathized with him; but then they had never yet been found out, only suspected, and, secret, as the secret of many reputations for honesty.

Mike had but one friend, or pal, as he familiarly called him, in the world, and that was known in certain circles about town by the name of Fiddler Dick—a reformed convict like himself, and a most accomplished pickpocket. Since the last arrival of this man we left the half-drunken ruffian so anxiously expecting, about the time of his fellow Jack Mandere in his morning rounds to see what he could pick up.

These two ruffians, who were every way so worthy of each other, had been tried at the same assizes, sentenced to the same term of transportation, served it in the same penal settlement, and returned to England together. Since then, had certainly not better men. Hence the feeling of—we will not profane the word by calling it friendship—but, we choose a more fitting term—the intimacy which still existed between them.

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These innocent children having been taught to dance upon stilts, were paraded about the streets in consequence of their peculiar attraction. Sometimes he made an excursion with them into the country; in either case he was the sole proprietor, the first from the voluntary contributions of the spectators, and the last by more substantial ones from the involuntary ones which his partner, one of the most expert pickpockets of the day, levied from the pockets of the crowd which his little dancers.

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friendship, his personal merits, or both combined. In his own expressive language, he *smelt a dodge* on his board, and determined to keep wide awake to *turn the tin and coin*.

"Any luck lately?" he inquired, in a tone of indifference.

"Not much," answered his host; "that Jack is such a lazy whelp. How is business with you?"

"Bad," replied the ruffian; "*village is this time of the year.* It's too cold to be charitable; people always like to entertain their feelings, but they don't like to frost should bite their fingers, I suppose, and my carcasses is heavy."

"But the partnership account?"

"Was that," added Dick, and down went the corners of his mouth—an infallible sign that he was lying. "Dexter ain't half the chap he was, though I believe he does his best. You're a lucky cove,—you ain't go to sea and four hauls is possible every day too."

"Come, come?" said Mike, encouragingly. "Things ain't so bad; the gals can't have their fellers."

"Well, nasty," replied his friend, speaking very slowly, "but that ain't the point; they will die of *ice*. Ever on 'em lost a second winter. One cold and the mumps drowns kills 'em; and yet Bet takes morbid care on 'em. Would you believe it?" he added, "she grows 'em a glass of gin round every mornin' afore I leave them—a mother couldn't do more."

"Certainly not," exclaimed Mike, emphatically, for he was evidently amused by so much goodness.

"Then we are colleged *to keep them wee*," continued the former; "it's worth it on its self for the fun alone."

"Why, what did he do with 'em?" demanded his host.

"Sell 'em to the doctors," answered Dick, "to anatomize 'em. I thinks they could it; but that we've done up afore I took the concern. They gets the poor who die in the workus for a penny a piece and buy. Ah't is a shame?" he added, putting the question in the tone of a man who feels that he has been deeply injured, and has a right to the sympathy of his hearers. "Talk of free trade, all humbug. There ain't no free trade where the country is a-goin' to ruin?"

These last observations were delivered very emphatically, and accompanied by a smart rap of the speaker's knuckles on the table, as if to give weight to his words.

"It is rather hard," observed Mike, with a sympathetic hand I" repeated his guest; "it's cruelly hard. I don't fear to think on it, it makes my blood boil—but how's to get on?"

The ceremony of refilling and emptying the glasses was gone through again.

"*I'd guess*," observed the eldest of the two convicts, delicately puffing the smoke from his lips, "the kids are all healthy now?"

"No they ain't," replied his pal. "There's Fan gets excited. Fan, she as used to do the fine and fling?"

Mike nodded, as much as to say that he did recollect her.

"She can't last more than another week," continued the speaker, "her cough is downright awful. I've been obliged to have a bed made up for her in the scullery. My mind is all I couldn't stand it no longer; there was no gettin' a wink of sleep for it."

"Rather a smart girl, I believe?"

"Rayther," said Dick's friend. "'Tis'd stand a few pound note for much another."

"How old is she?"

"Almost eight; but we never knows exactuby."

"Dark hair and eyes, I think?"

"Black as tinker," replied the ruffian, shaking his well-greased locks with an air of conceit. "Every one as see her said she was very like *Jack's* mother."

"And you are quite sure she is dying?" said Mike.

"Sartin," exclaimed his pal, with a burst of illhumor.

Suddenly his manner changed. He fancied that he detected a smile upon the features of his companion. A sudden instinct informed him that he had been trotted out, in other words, pumped, by him for some special purpose, and he was therefore fait indignant at the idea of any one getting the best of him.

"Where are you *drawn* at?" he asked. "I should see, after the years we as known each other, that it is all square between us."

The guardian of poor Lillian held out his hand to him.

"Well, I s'pose it is," muttered the speaker, after biting it. "What is it?" he added; "what is yer game? Come out of your cozy old corner?—why not?"

"My game is a very simple one," observed Mike.

"Of course it is"

"I've got a gal to dispose on."

"Indeed ?"

"Just Fanny's age."

Fiddler Dick looked him very steadfastly in the face.

"With dark hair and eyes," continued his friend; "and you shall have her cheap."

"And what do you call cheap?" demanded the ruffian.

"Well, five pounds: I call that cheap."

"Is that all?"

"And that I must have."

"Ye want Fan, does ye?" exclaimed his visitor, a slight intensity kindling in upon him. "I don't call that a swap. What'll yer give me?"

The old convict looked very much confused. He had not managed the affair quite so well as he had calculated upon doing.

"Mike," said his friend, "you've hurt my feelin's. I didn't expect this on you! Try to do an act of pure love of fine counter, in these hard times, too! You know my weak side," he added, pointing to the bottle on the table; "and I'm a fool, to use bantom myself to you, as if you had been my own brother. I'm hurt in it, Mike—hurt here!"

By way of illustrating the exact spot where the wound had been inflicted, the speaker thumped the left side of his leopard skin waistcoat violently.

It was extraordinary how little effect this pantomimic appeal to their good feelings produced upon his host, who simply reminded him that bones was *bones*—an aphorism, by-the-by, which few men understood better than the person to whom it was addressed—and the speaker concluded by reminding him that he was not compelled to accept the bargain he had proposed.

Fiddler Dick acknowledged the truth of this remark with a sigh, even went so far as to assert that he had been "rayther unreasonable," which he accounted for by adding that when his feelings were concerned, he was a little too susceptible—an amiable weakness, no doubt—but still it was one, and he trusted his wished friend and pal would think *seddant* more about it."

His "wished friend and pal" assured him he would not; and after accepting the *cranch hazelnut*, as some time smoking the calumet of peace in silence

Never, perhaps, were any two persons more equally matched in cunning and rascality—in fact no one knew better than themselves: hence, perhaps, the respect they professed to entertain for each other.

"It's a drawn game," thought Mike.

"I shall draw the old badger from his hole yet," was the mental calculation of his companion.

When two players of equal nerve and skill are engaged in a game of either science or chance, the one who has most at stake is certain to be the first to lose his self-possession. It was so in the present instance: not that the old convict's uneasiness displayed itself in words; far from it; it was his manner of smoking—the short, irregular whiffs—that betrayed him; while those of Fiddler Dick were calm and measured, bespeaking a mind at rest. It was really beautiful to observe the regular succession of circles the smoke formed, as he gently puffed it from his lips; how gracefully they rose in the air, enlarging as they rose, and how they dispersed into a thin vapor, which hung like a halo over his head.

Mike could endure it no longer, but was the first to break the silence.

"Well?" he said, shaking his head, "you are downy"—an accusation which his visitor listened to with all becoming indignation.

"I shouldn't be surprised now," added the old man, "if you didn't put the money me to make to even swop with the two gals."

The only reply to this insinuation was one of Dick's peculiar smiles.

"I dare say ye do, now; but I could not stand that, no more than I would stand a cheat."

"I don't care about swopping," answered his friend, drily.

"Ye don't?"

"No."

"Why, I thought as how you wanted the girl?"

"What do you want with Fan?" demanded Fiddler Dick, turning suddenly upon him. "I'll tell you: as soon as she is dead to pass her off for the other one, and get a pound for her funeral—it's the very least. I ain't again' to *lend myself* to any such game."

"Not if yr was paid?" inquired Mike, intonsitingly.

"*I said and,*" observed the former, slowly: "business is business."

"And how much would you be expected to?"

"Half!"

"That's not fair, Dick," exclaimed his host; "I only got fifty for the girl myself, and must have all the trouble and keep on her both; pay travel, and I'll talk to yr."

"Not a screw more."

"Say no more about it then, there's no harm done. You are an old pal, and I'd scorn to act a good thing in your hand than a stranger, and would a deal if I'm paid only been a little more reasonable. Keep your gal, *and pray the bargin*' on her. I'll keep mine."

So saying the owner of the cottage filled his pipe again. He felt hurt at what he considered an attempt to impose upon his good nature, and sensibly vowed, rather than stand another penny, he'd do what he had so frequently vowed, never to do again—*run one of his pet runs*, as he called them.

"Don't screech afore yer hurt," cried the Fiddler, who during Mike's silence had been doing whether it might not be advisable to get the child—upon somebody was willing to pay the pounds to have put out of the way, he believed the man to be Mike—into his hands.

"I ain't a screecher," muttered the old man, dogedly.

"Can't I see the gal?"

"No afore it's a bargain."

"Well, then, it is a bargain," replied his dear friend, holding out his hand to him, "and you know, when I say a thing, I'm never to go back on it."

Silence were emptied by way of sealing the arrangement; and poor Lillian, who had lain for a while been shivering in the cold up stairs, was called down, that her new master might inspect her.

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"You must wait for that till I am settled with," said the old convict, "which won't be till after Fan is buried—you're fly?"

"All right," answered the man, who could find no objection to so reasonable a proposal; "I told yr as often afore I can't take the child, and can pay pretty well yet. I've watched so many on 'em, first it cough through a sheet empty, as the sheriff, then it gets deeper and deeper, and hollower, and hollower, and they grows thin, aura look under the eyes, and speaks just as Fan does when she has had a drop too much."

"I suppose I shall have to call monthly in managing her," observed Mike, "for I must call the doctor in."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fiddler Dick, "I'll leave you my whip, you'll have no occasion to use it, only just let her see it; *do remove the sight on it.*"

The ruffian might have added, and the *fact* of it, but it was unnecessary; his hearer perfectly understood him.

This whispered conversation alarmed poor Lillian exceedingly; several times she looked timidly towards the door, and prayed that Jack would return.

Everything being settled, her future master took his leave, accompanied by Mike, who insisted on seeing him as far as the corner of the road. He did not forget, however, before leaving the cottage to turn the key of the door upon his victim.

Poor Lillian! the terror of loneliness fell on her, and she felt sick at heart. Gliding with the stilling tumors of gin and tobacco with which the air was laden, but there-been a loophole, a crevice, through which she could have escaped, despite the threats of her jailer, in her desperation she would have attempted it; but the wall at the back was too high, and the window was secured. She had had no hope—the return of her young protector; and nothing to look forward to but the return of her jailer face glued to the pane, watching, praying for him to make his appearance.

In this position Mike found her; and his brutal temper, which had been previously ruffled by the attempt to impose upon him, displayed over him, over at the sight; he had found something he could safely vent it on.

"I thought I told you not to go near there!" he exclaimed, as he dragged her from the window.

"O, forgive me," sobbed the child; "I was only looking for——"

"I don't go to look," interrupted the brute.

Despite her cries, he fastened her delicate wrists, by means of a cord, to the back of the heavy arm-chair in which he had lately been seated; and looked fiercely round the room, till his eye rested on the remains of a cooken fowl, which he caught up, and began to feed in a most steadthy with all becoming indignation to forget even to use the door.

It was the instrument of torture was complete. Mike swung to—or his head several times, as if to make sure of his aim, and was about to let it fall upon the back of the child, when Jack made his appearance; and, without a moment's hesitation, struck the weapon from his hand, and knocked the biter himself.

"Stand off the way, fool!" roared the half-drunken savage.

"You had no done!"

"Get out of the way, I say!"

"Save me!" shrieked Lillian; "he wants to kill me!"

"He shan't lay a hand on you," answered the boy, coolly, "while I am here, and I'll tell you, you know I don't often speak out, but when I do I mean what I say, and I'll keep my word."

Had Mike been perfectly sober, the probability is, he would not have attempted it. The repeated blows which he had received from his young companion half-mad, but gave him a strength he did not ordinarily possess. He was in no mood for momentary awe, but it rendered him a fearful antagonist to deal with for her. At first, a great, hulking boy by the sailors, and when he rushed on him the third time, dizzy and half-stunned with the blows, dashed into him a corner of the room, where he lay stunned for several moments.

"Now, Lillian," said the young savage, "a dispute with me? shouted Mike, finishing with rage as he struggled to his feet, and I'll engage you'll get a good thing in your hand than a stranger, and would a deal if I'm paid only been a little more reasonable. Keep your gal, *and pray the bargin*' on her. I'll keep mine."

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Poor Lillian! the terror of loneliness fell on her, and she felt sick at heart. Gliding with the stilling fumes of gin and tobacco with which the air was laden, but there-been a loophole, a crevice, through which she could have escaped, despite the threats of her jailer, in her desperation she would have attempted it; but the wall at the back was too high, and the window was secured. She had had no hope—the return of her young protector; and nothing to look forward to but the return of her jailer face glued to the pane, watching, praying for him to make his appearance.

In this position Mike found her; and his brutal temper, which had been previously ruffled by the attempt to impose upon him, displayed over him, over at the sight; he had found something he could safely vent it on.

"I thought I told you not to go near there!" he exclaimed, as he dragged her from the window.

"O, forgive me," sobbed the child; "I was only looking for——"

"I don't go to look," interrupted the brute.

Despite her cries, he fastened her delicate wrists, by means of a cord, to the back of the heavy arm-chair in which he had lately been seated; and looked fiercely round the room, till his eye rested on the remains of a cooken fowl, which he caught up, and began to feed in a most steadthy with all becoming indignation to forget even to use the door.

It was the instrument of torture was complete. Mike swung to—or his head several times, as if to make sure of his aim, and was about to let it fall upon the back of the child, when Jack made his appearance; and, without a moment's hesitation, struck the weapon from his hand, and knocked the biter himself.

"Stand off the way, fool!" roared the half-drunken savage.

"You had no done!"

"Get out of the way, I say!"

"Save me!" shrieked Lillian; "he wants to kill me!"

"He shan't lay a hand on you," answered the boy, coolly, "while I am here, and I'll tell you, you know I don't often speak out, but when I do I mean what I say, and I'll keep my word."

Had Mike been perfectly sober, the probability is, he would not have attempted it. The repeated blows which he had received from his young companion half-mad, but gave him a strength he did not ordinarily possess. He was in no mood for momentary awe, but it rendered him a fearful antagonist to deal with for her. At first, a great, hulking boy by the sailors, and when he rushed on him the third time, dizzy and half-stunned with the blows, dashed into him a corner of the room, where he lay stunned for several moments.

"Now, Lillian," said the young savage, "a dispute with me? shouted Mike, finishing with rage as he struggled to his feet, and I'll engage you'll get a good thing in your hand than a stranger, and would a deal if I'm paid only been a little more reasonable. Keep your gal, *and pray the bargin*' on her. I'll keep mine."

So saying the owner of the cottage filled his pipe again. He felt hurt at what he considered an attempt to impose upon his good nature, and sensibly vowed, rather than stand another penny, he'd do what he had so frequently vowed, never to do again—*run one of his pet runs*, as he called them.

"Don't screech afore yer hurt," cried the Fiddler, who during Mike's silence had been doing whether it might not be advisable to get the child—upon somebody was willing to pay the pounds to have put out of the way, he believed the man to be Mike—into his hands.

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Glasses were emptied by way of sealing the arrangement; and poor Lillian, who had for a while been shivering in the cold up stairs, was called down, that her new master might inspect her.

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"I meant that, and much more, Hetty," Mrs. Gardiner answered. "Do you not know that you are about to exclude yourself from the society in which you have always moved, that you will be cut down several degrees in the social scale, by marrying a mechanic?"

Hetty rose up, her cheek flushed with a generous indignation, her flashing eyes and the trembling of her small hand, telling how deeply the wound was felt.

"Mrs. Gardiner, I do comprehend you now. And you dare to tell me, Hetty May, that I am about to injure society, by becoming the wife of Richard Harvord? You who know so well what he has done, and what he is, to speak as if it were a degradation for any lady in the land to become his wife! Had not my ears heard your words, I could not have believed that such sentiments had ever been expressed by you."

"Well, Hetty, I see that my well-meant suggestions are useless. But you will remember them, by-and-by, when it is too late."

Hetty departed, by a stately bow, and the two ladies parted.

Hetty May had been reared in a comfortable and even luxurious home. Her experiences of life were, therefore, limited, and she had never known sore cares; for her mother was an invalid; and though never suffering so much as to cause her friends any apprehension of immediate danger, had for several years been too delicate to be troubled with household details. So Hetty had stepped into her place, at sixteen; had attended to the wants of her mother, looked well to many of the ways of she household; and had been at once companion, friend, and daughter to her invalid mother.

Chance alone had brought Richard Harvord in contact with Hetty. Mrs. May, who had known Richard in the widow's better days, still retained a kindly interest in him, and had always spoken of such emergencies as will occur in all families—the sudden illness of children, a piece of sewing, or the preparation for guests, at which times, should she come as a friend, and was treated as such, she generously received the compensation mutually bestowed for her labor.

It was during one of these cases to fetch his mother home from these visits, and sometimes he would be detained by her. At first, a great, hulking boy by the sailors, and when he rushed on him the third time, dizzy and half-stunned with the blows, dashed into him a corner of the room, where he lay stunned for several moments.

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THE DEPARTED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

O'er the low roofs of the town and the hut
The white moonlight falls as cold as the frost—
Heavily lags the day on a churchyard where
A soul on their pipe, on their hushed hearts a sense
Of the presence of Death, as he passes by.

We call—but they give back no answer again;
We question—but they are silent and cold!
They make an empty ear of the household dead.

We search and we scan over the graves of their feet,
Their names in the sweetness of silence repeat;
They have passed from our sight, from our memory, and
from
And we meet their bright faces at the end of each
morn.

We miss the fond welcome, the join clasping hands,
That have gone with the sight to the radiant lands;
We miss the sweet voices, the tones of delight,
That grew with the moonlight, and blent on night.

MARRYING A MECHANIC.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Well, Hetty, I hope you have counted the cost, and will not complain of the consequences of what you are about to do?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gardiner, but I really am unfortunately unconscious of having done anything of this character, which followed her affirmative reply to the question, "If it really were true that she was about to marry richard Harvord?"

"Not understand me, Hetty! But, of course, that is only one of the affectatious girls delight in. Why, with your good sense and knowledge of society, you cannot fail to comprehend my meaning."

"If you mean, Mrs Gardiner, the sacrifices I must make in leaving my good home, and in conforming to the necessities imposed by a narrow income, I do comprehend you, and having counted the cost, am not afraid to follow the dictates of my own heart."

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NO PRIDE IN HIM.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"Proud? No indeed! there's no pride in Ann. He's one of the plainest fellows that ever you saw. Don't care any more how he looks than if people were made by the dozen, and alike."

We didn't dispute the assertion of our friend Alice, though we had formed how different an opinion. It would have been no use to contend with him, for he looked merely at the outward appearance, and we knew that there was much of worth in the rough of indolence.

Such a man as Richard Harvord could not stand still. His course was steadily onward and upward. He was unassuming manliest, rich in scientific lore, as it by this time had become, was constantly advancing, and gaining new knowledge every hour. He became a famous inventor, mingled much with men of thought and research, and soon gained a high position. Riches came rolling in upon him. His name was in every mouth and nation, and as the world of fashion and elevated society looked well, he gained admittance into it.

Ann was poor her marriage, Hetty found herself in a position to look down upon every one of the summer friends of by-gone days. Richard Harvord's mother lived, but her husband was now a wellfamous man, a man at whose feet the small people were glad to bend their knees, bent in homage. She was in a situation to repay scorn by scorn, but only contempt was felt for those who felt. Selling now, as ever, her truest happiness in her husband's unbroken love.

And how had it fared with Amy Gardiner, her old playmate, and the daughter of the woman who had been Richard Harvord? She, too, had married—married Rudolph Briggs, the heir of great wealth. Their union was not a happy one, because of their gilding, and whose weakness of intellect, becoming known to the keepers of the worshippers of mammon, were forgotten or overlooked by the worldly-wise mother, and the ambitious and slight-pated daughter for her daughter.

Ten years of her married life had passed. Her husband had died, and his wife, who had been seduced by her mother's flatteries to make her his wife, who had experienced neglect and shame. His vices grew, as such rank poisonous moral weeds ever seem to do in the soil of the ungodly. He deserted his home, and, having committed some crime for which he was to be from home a period, he was supposed to have left the country. At this period Mrs. Gardiner was overtaken by misfortune and mortification, died, and poor Amy, being left utterly alone and destitute, was invited to become the inmate of the home of her former friend—not the pretty cottage, but a mansion in size and superb appointments, to which great wealth and high position. Here her days were passed. And here death came, and in his cold curried away in weak and irresolute victim.

Richard Harvord's wealth still saw still living. And neither of them, I think, looks back upon any event of their lives with regret. Their marriage has been one of unmingled happiness, because founded upon mutual esteem, and an enduring love, which was not dependent upon change of estate, or worldly gain. And so we leave them, fast-rich in love and happiness, and therefore richer than all, in the heart's truest contentment.

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A SIGH.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come to me, my good Margy,
Have you forgot the day
You were your dream of sunshine given,
And were the queen of May?

Do you remember that hall,
Its lights trembling, the lights out,
Partners, and dance, and lights in,
Perhaps, you'll say with me,

Wait, change my gloves, Margy,
And shake the candle-light
Out of my silver eyes; I think
That noise has come to-night.

Strengthen me well, good Margy,
Now kiss me in my ear:
Open the house, and find the man
That used to keep my place.

Now put it on my heart—oh how
Freedom an end and knows
Will freshen in the dark of death
And light me from the grave.

Do you remember when my love
Was so strong for me?
Do you remember me at all?
Well, He puts it to me thus.

And if I rose my soul away
Starting to find him, where
I'll keep his flower, and what will be
A sign to know me by.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

It was just after General Wayne's great victory of the Fallen Timbers, (half of my story will be that I became acquainted with Captain Robert Benham, who had been quite a prominent actor in all the principal battles of the frontier. He came here long years familiar to me in connection with a very peculiar and remarkable affair which had occurred on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Licking river, as far back as the year 1779; and as I had heard the singular adventure at that place related differently by different parties, I felt a desire naturally to arrive at the exact facts; and therefore took an early occasion to get the narrative from my own lips; which I now give, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:

"It was in the autumn of '79," began the captain, "that quite a party of us left the Falls of the Ohio, in Kentucky, under the command of Major Rodgers, for the purpose of making an attack upon the Indians at the old town of Chillicothe. On our way up the river, we met with no remarkable adventure, till we approached the mouth of the Licking, when we did shoot among a flock of a dozen or more of wild turkeys, that were crossing to them from the opposite bank of the narrow stream. At the report of our guns, apparently watching some companions in a canoe, who were crossing to them from the opposite bank of the narrow stream. If they saw us, there was nothing in their manner to indicate the fact; and thinking it quite likely that, headed by surprise, Major Rodgers ordered the boats to be run up under some bushes along the shore, and all the men were fire—some secreted themselves—to advance cautiously through the wood, and completely surround the spot where the Indians were.

"We all set off in fine spirits, thinking only of the conquest we should give the enemy, and never once dreaming of the surprise they might give us in return. Quietly, cautiously, we pushed onward, and as we advanced, all at length we reached and fairly encircled the fated spot; when, just as the order was being given for a rush in upon the foe, we were startled and thrown into the greatest confusion by the uprising on every side of one of several hundred yelling Indians.

"We had been drawn into a complete ambuscade—had been taken by our enemies in the very trap we had set for them. Instantly they poured in a destructive fire, and then with tomahawk in left hand and tomahawk; when the panic on our part became so great that the Indians, emboldened by our flight, rushed upon us, and made a captive of all save one, in which the most fearful slaughter would have ensued.

"That one was myself. Out of chance now was to break their lines again, and start through the forest to the station of Bourbonton, on the Licking. Favored by the gathering shades of night, some twenty of our whole party escaped, though I was not one of the number—but more of that hereafter.

"But I was not one of that fortunate few; for, as I was in the act of clearing some five or six of the enemy, who barred my way to a dense thicket, and just as I had cut down a stout young warrior, a ball passed through my hips, shattering the bones. At once I fell, but fully retaining my senses, during which for the moment concealed me; and the others, probably thinking me dead or escaped, immediately started off in pursuit of my flying friends. I had my rifle still in my hands; and wounded and suffering as I was, I prepared to sell my life as dear on the ground—my only hope now being that I should effectually escape, though I was fully aware wreaken before a terrible end could be put to my own existence.

"An attack after minute went by, however, and the pain of the savages grew more and more distant, and, as I began and expected, was met in her welcome pall of darkness, a new hope sprung up in my breast, that I might possibly succeed in myself so to escape the observation of the enemy altogether. Slowly dragging myself through the bushes, and into the thicket, and within a few feet of me, I, with the most excruciating pain, crept up under the branches, which completely covered my person in the best manner I could.

"Here for hours I lay, suffering agonies of body and mind, which no human pen has power to describe. I dared not stir again, scarcely to breathe. I heard the Indians return, and I could tell by the sounds that they were going over the ground and butchering all the wounded men they could find. About midnight, as near as I could judge, they once more drew off and left their ghastly fires, the glowing coals of which I could faintly perceive through the thick foliage which surrounded me.

"Let no one ever feel the night of horror. If any one would have the faintest idea of what I suffered, he must imagine himself in my situation—down in the branches of that tree—with both hips shattered—surrounded by my dead comrades—and, still, my living foes. I dared not change my position, nor give vent to a single groan; and at times it seemed that nature must compel from me some expression of pain, in spite of my utmost will. O, it was a horrible night! and may God deliver me from ever passing such another.

"But the end was not yet. Horrible as that night was, I dreaded to see the morrow. How could I expect to escape the lynx eyes of so many savages, when they should begin to beat over the ground for plunder! And at times the thought of this so worked upon my feelings, that I was more than once tempted to shriek out, and let my position be known, and thus bring upon myself the relief of a speedy death—for I knew, from my disabled condition, that the Indians would not think of taking me prisoner, but butcher me at once. And yet the instinct of life was even greater than the temptation I speak of. And these most instincts, by the way, seem wholly set for our preservation. And so at other times, when all hope is lost, and we had better end our woes at once.

"How painfully I passed the dawning of the day! how eagerly and tremblingly I listened to every sound!

"Long and painful it could how the Indians sent; and soon after they began to traverse the scene of blood, and gather up the arms of my companions, and strip their bodies of every garment. They were hours at their work—and to me those hours were ages. At times, when some of them drew near to me, I dare but I felt my heart is up in my throat, and it seemed as if I should die of suffocation. Twice a small party of them came so close that I could see their blanketed, ribbonly-plaited forms through the leaves; and once a bright warrior stalked by me, within reach of my club. Up and down, and over the ground passed and repassed many of them, till they were evidently satisfied that none of the dead or the wounded had escaped their notice. They then drew off in a body along the bank of the river, where they remained for hours—in fact, till late in the day—which, being joined by the rest of their companions, who had probably made a long journey in pursuit of the fugitives, they repaired to the boats.

"With a feeling of thankfulness which I cannot express, I heard them put off from the shore, and every sound gradually die away to silence. And now my feelings changed to another extreme of feeling; for I now felt that I was alone—alone in the wilderness—and that there was no hope that I could not walk—could only move my body, in fact, by a great effort—suffering all the time the most excruciating agonies, and in danger of perishing from starvation. Had I been able to move about, even though ever so slowly and feebly, I could have rejoined in my good fortune; but situated as I was, I felt that an overruling Providence, such as had so far preserved me, could still save me from even a more horrible doom than I then suffered.

"As I thus lay on my back, in a position which had scarcely been changed for hours, during the storm, I looked up through the leaves, and to my surprise, I discovered that the storm was passing—in the act of dissolving the trunk of a large tree, some of whose branches even spanned me in the form I lay. Was this poor animal a messenger of hope? Had Providence directed it hither for my preservation? I hardly dared to believe it—yet so still. At all events, I cautiously raised my only unwounded hand, and, with my knife, cut off a certain size, and fixed. The ball sped to its mark, and the animal dropped dead within a few feet of me; and as I raised myself among the limbs, with the intention of dragging myself to it, I was startled by hearing a human cry.

"Fearing the Indians had not all gone, I hastily dragged myself back into my former position, and still, fairly trembling at the thought of what I might next behold, but determined to sell my life dearly, and shoot the first human face that came approaching me. Presently I heard the same loud, startling cry repeated, and much nearer than before. Still I kept silent, my rifle ready, and, for I could recognize perfectly well the voice of one of my race. Again I heard the same singular sound, but still nearer yet, and a crashing among the underbrush followed, as if coming directly to the tree. I now cocked my rifle, and poised it, resolved to shoot the first moment I should appear. But fortunately nothing did appear, and I was relieved from my fears by hearing, at a distance of twenty yards, I now cocked my rifle, by the utterance of words, in my native tongue, which fell clearly and distinctly upon my ear, and aroused me to a consciousness of safety from my pursuers.

"'Who are you? where are you? for God's sake, speak!' cried the voice.

"I now gave a long, quivering shout; and soon I was gratified by the sight of a human figure, pushing rapidly through the bushes, when, satisfied that no Indians had followed behind footsteps, at once recognized as Peter Brent. On getting sight of me, he exclaimed, in astonishment:

"'My God! Captain Benham—is this you? How did you get here? I thought you were all being left alive by the butchering wretches!'

"'Alas! I returned—'I'm as great a deed—for every one that has escaped. Help me, and remove with a few feet of me, I will tell you.'

"'Yes!' he rejoined—'I'm no better off—but *my arms are broken!* and I've no power to use a weapon. I wouldn't even stand if I could, for I'm dizzy as a bird.'

"'Ay,' said I, 'but how am I to get it when I have shot it?'

"'I see,' he replied, with a sort of laugh, 'the shot is only needed to bring it down. Here, my arms and I've got legs; and if we ever get out of this infernal scrape at all, I reckon we'll have to work out together. And if there is a rifle, and the red devils will let us alone, we'll be able to do it yet, and shoot the howling lions of two-legs anyhow.'

"It was a very singular and remarkable occurrence, that only two men should have escaped from that scene of slaughter; and of these, the one with his legs broken, and the other with his arms fractured, like myself, had had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours. And like myself, too, he had escaped, after being shot, by crawling into a thicket, and lying flat upon the earth, at a point where the Indians had passed and repassed within a few feet of him. Here he had remained concealed through the night, and the day, till the enemy had departed; when the pangs of hunger had brought him forth in search of food; which he had little hope of finding, and knew not by what means he might get it into his mouth if obtained.

"On hearing the report of my rifle, a faint hope had sprung up in his breast that a companion might be near; but whether it should prove to be a friend or an enemy, he determined to make himself known, and risk captivity, or even death, rather than remain in his helpless condition.

"We now began our singular mode of living, which probably had never been paralleled in the world before. The first thing Brent did, was to search for the raccoon I had shot, and push it along to me with his feet. I then dressed it; and kindling a fire with my sticks, which he also pushed up to me in the same manner, I broiled it, and on this we made our repast—Brent eating and appetizable a meal as I ever ate in my life—I feeding him as he sat beside me. Our hunger appeased, we felt more sensibly the pangs of thirst; and at first we could derive no means for obtaining the water we saw so near us. However, by the mother of invention; and lucky betwitching me to my lips, I placed the fire in my companion's mouth, and told him to wade into the river, until he should be able to dip the hat under, and then by returning quickly, I fancied a good portion of the water might be retained, after allowing for the spilling. This plan succeeded well, and we had a satisfied but from his head, I held it for him to drink, and then drank myself, the most refreshing and invigorating draught that ever passed my lips.

"The immediate wants of nature being now fully supplied, we began to be more cheerful and hopeful, though still very much awed by the scene of slaughter around us